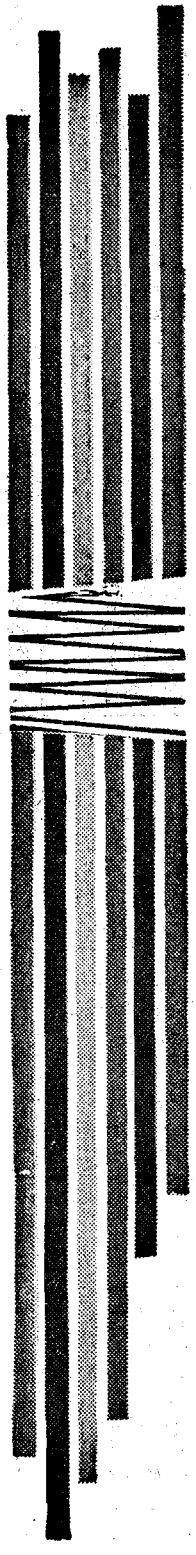
THE NATION

January 20, 1964 . . 35c



Khrushchev Eats His Words

Alexander Werth

NEW WORLD THREATS

POVERTY and RACE

Philip Mason

The Weather Computers

Robert C. Cowen

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LETTERS

The bull and the bear

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: It was comforting to read your editorial "Johnson As Tactician" in the Jan. 4 issue, not only because I agree, but also because you noted, "Suddenly *The Nation* . . . is joined by *The Wall Street Journal*. . . ." My subscribing to both these publications has its chronic side effects sometimes bordering on mild schizophrenia. I thank you for this moment of peace, but I beg you to end the *détente!* My friends tell me I get the *Journal* to know when to "buy" and *The Nation* to determine when I should "sell." In this sense, any further area of agreement between you will wreck the aspirations of a conscientious investor.

Dan Levine

Czolgosz again

New York City

Dear Sirs: I offer the following as a postscript to the letter carried in your issue of Jan. 4: "The assassin Czolgosz made President McKinley a hero by assassinating him. The United States of America made Czolgosz a hero by the same process." — George Bernard Shaw in his *Revolutionist's Handbook*, 1906.

Eric Bentley

Library request

New York City

Dear Sirs: The library of Mount Saint Michael High School, 4300 Murdock Ave., Bronx 66, N.Y., is eager to obtain from readers back copies of *The Nation* for 1962 and for 1963 through September 7. The school will pay postage or will call for copies in the New York area. Sincere thanks.

Brother Gabriel F. Hores
Librarian

False test

Collingswood, N. J.

Dear Sirs: On Jan. 18, 1964 (Saturday) the Civil Defense is going to put 250 people in an underground shelter (?) at the Marlton, N. J., NIKE Missile base for thirty hours in what they call *a realistic test*. . . .

It is my opinion that this is a conditioning technique of the military, used to get people to accept nuclear war. There is no mention of the 50-foot wave which might roll over the New Jersey flatlands if a 50-megaton bomb were dropped offshore; nor is anything said about fire bombs which would suffocate everyone . . . ; or that a cobalt-encased bomb would ruin the land for forty years. In short, these 250 people are being put underground under false pretenses and have no idea what a *realistic* test would entail.

The test starts at 10:00 A.M., Saturday and ends at 4:00 P.M. Sunday. There will be demonstrators on hand from Women Strike For Peace, Women's International League For Peace and Freedom, SANE, Friends of Haddonfield, Rancocas and Moorestown, N. J., Society For Social Responsibility in Science and The Public Affairs Committee of The Philadelphia Ethical Society. Students from Rutgers and children from various sources will also be there to protest this absurdity which the military may intend to try in all parts of the nation. . . . Perhaps some of your readers will drop around and assist by merely walking for an hour or two.

Frederick L. Compton

Correction

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: In "The Roots of the Agony" (*The Nation*, Dec. 21, 1963), Reece McGee incorrectly refers to me as "the instigator of the National Indignation Convention."

Peter O'Donnell, Jr.
Chairman, National Draft
Goldwater Committee

Post-McCarthy dilemma

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: An interesting illustration of the dilemma in which we so often find ourselves in this post-McCarthy era is highlighted by Grace Bassett's piece, "Ordeal in Okanogan" (*The Nation*, Dec. 28).

It is, of course, deplorable that after sixteen years the "past" of John Goldmark's wife, Sally, has caused him to fail for re-nomination to the state legislature after three terms there. It is good that the Goldmarks have sued the three "patriots" who successfully used a smear to which, unfortunately, most voters react like robots. But I believe that more than this is involved.

Either the Communist Party, U.S.A. does teach and advocate the overthrow of our government by force and violence or it does not.

If it does — how can Mrs. Goldmark explain her seven-year membership, during which time she made no effort to inform the proper governmental agency that treason was afoot?

If the Communist Party does not advocate overthrow by force and violence, how then shall we characterize Sally Goldmark's behavior in going before the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1956 and naming those with whom she had been associated. . . ?

It seems to me that Sally Goldmark has left herself open to being judged either traitor or liar-from-fear.

So long as scared liberals permit themselves to wallow in the filth of informing before a Congressional committee in an effort to purify themselves, just so long will the sort of thing that happened to the Goldmarks continue to take place. . . .

Dorothy Marshall

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The Rediscovery of Poverty

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the State of the Union address was that Mr. Johnson not only spoke about poverty, but spoke at length, emphatically, and with the apparent intention of actually meaning to alleviate it. The second most important aspect, and gearing into the first, was the suggestion that the money was there for such a program, that it could be hacked out of the military program, and that Mr. Johnson proposed to swing the pickax. All this was said with a Rooseveltian resolution, sincerity and directness that exhilarated some listeners as much as it frightened others — those others who feel that poverty should be neither seen nor heard.

To be sure, it was a highly political speech. But it was also good policy, and good policy is the best politics — if one has any confidence in democracy.

The money may not balance out as Mr. Johnson envisioned in the speech. We shall have to see the budget. But that is not the point. It is a turn-around in emphasis and orientation. Welcome, also, was the absence of cold-war rhetoric. Except for the slap at Cuba and a few references to the necessity of strength, it was mild — surprisingly mild, considering that a President who has designs on military spending must balance his fell intentions with some verbal homage to the military.

What is amazing is that it took fifteen years to get out from under the incubus of the cold war and to show a decent concern for the victims of industrialism. Now — it is as true as it is hackneyed — words must be followed by deeds. That is not up to the President alone, but he has supplied the words, and they are good.

God Bless Our Allies!

Not infrequently, our friends make sense when we don't. Sir Anthony Eden helped deter us from a nuclear strike in Indo-China in 1954. General de Gaulle has recently shown us a way out of the Asian war into which we subsequently plunged, not knowing what we intended to accomplish, or by what means. And there is Cuba, with which Spain, whose government is scarcely noted for wisdom in international affairs, has maintained communication by ship and air, in defiance of our protests. Now—a bolt from the blue as far as the ordinary American is concerned—comes the British deal with Castro for 450 buses. Nor are the British alone. It turns out that they had to bid against bus companies in France, West Germany, Spain, Japan and Czechoslovakia. The Spaniards would also like to build 100 ships for Cuba, and will probably do so, for all our objections.

The British attitude in the bus deal is quite pointed — they lack even the grace to sound apologetic. An "unofficial" British source in Washington (it wasn't the Ambassador, that is) put it succinctly: "The United States has a surplus of wheat, we have a surplus of buses." Fifty interurban buses are involved, price not disclosed. Four hundred city buses will cost $11.2 million, and spare parts a million more. Then Castro has an option to buy 1,000 more buses between 1965 and 1968, at a cost estimated at $20 million. In short, the Cuban bus market, which we have abandoned, is being taken over by the British. As Senator Kenneth Keating says, they "want to skim off the cream of profit for themselves." Precisely: they believe in free enterprise. They sold buses to Batista, now they sell them to Castro.

The most ominous feature of the deal, from the State Department standpoint, is that the British are giving Cuba five years to pay. Castro's credit is good, they say: Cuban sugar sales to Britain soared from $14 million in 1961 to $36 million in 1963. They evidently regard as futile our efforts to bring Castro down. Another factor, no doubt, is that Sir Alec Douglas-Home has no intention of handing the coming election to the Laborites by default.

Uncle Sam does not present a pleasant picture before the world in this light. We refuse to allow even powdered milk to be sent to Cuba for hurricane relief. We will stop at nothing to topple Castro — and he doesn't topple. Vindictiveness is bad enough when it is successful; when it fails, it becomes ludicrous as well as mean. In our vendetta against Marxism-Leninism in Cuba, we have succeeded only in tying Castro closer to the Russians and to our allies in NATO. British interests, it will be remembered, were also expropriated by Castro, but the English rolled with the punch and are likely to get their money back sooner than we will. Big Tim Sullivan's aphorism, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em," is in point here. We don't need to join the Cubans, but we could join our allies and get ourselves out of this quagmire. Then, perhaps, the Russians would get out of Cuba.

The New Miracles

Pope Paul VI's unprecedented pilgrimage to the Holy Land — the first Pope to visit the Holy Land, the first Pope to leave Italy since 1809, the first Pope to be air-borne — gripped the popular imagination, as Milton Bracker pointed out in a report to *The New York Times*, like no other "gesture of the Vatican in at least 900 years." The pilgrimage, we are told, was the Pope's conception. From first to last, it reflects the workings of an extraordinary historical imagination. In a sense, the journey crowded into three days a memorable restirring and evocation of the most haunting and poignant memories, associations and allusions. And it probably had some very important benefits. Arab-Israel relations are no worse for the Pope's trip and the deep cleavage within Catholicism will be eased. It should also strengthen the Vati-

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can's position at the next session of the Ecumenical Council. It certainly ushered in the New Year on an impressive and eloquent plea for peace.

The pilgrimage was a modern miracle of a sort, made possible by jet aircraft and, more particularly, by the range and speed of modern mass communications. The jet flight made it possible to encompass in three crowded days a pilgrimage that would have taken a seeming eternity for some of Paul VI's predecessors. Modern communications gave millions an instantaneous view of the pilgrimage as it unfolded. Pope Paul, we may hope, will make other jet pilgrimages — to this country and perhaps to Central and South America. What better means than a visit by His Holiness to focus world attention on some of the problems of South America's millions? Jet travel and modern electronic media have made mincemeat of Stalin's famous crack, "How many divisions has the Pope?" The answer is that he has many more divisions than any Pope ever had — if he knows how to reach them.

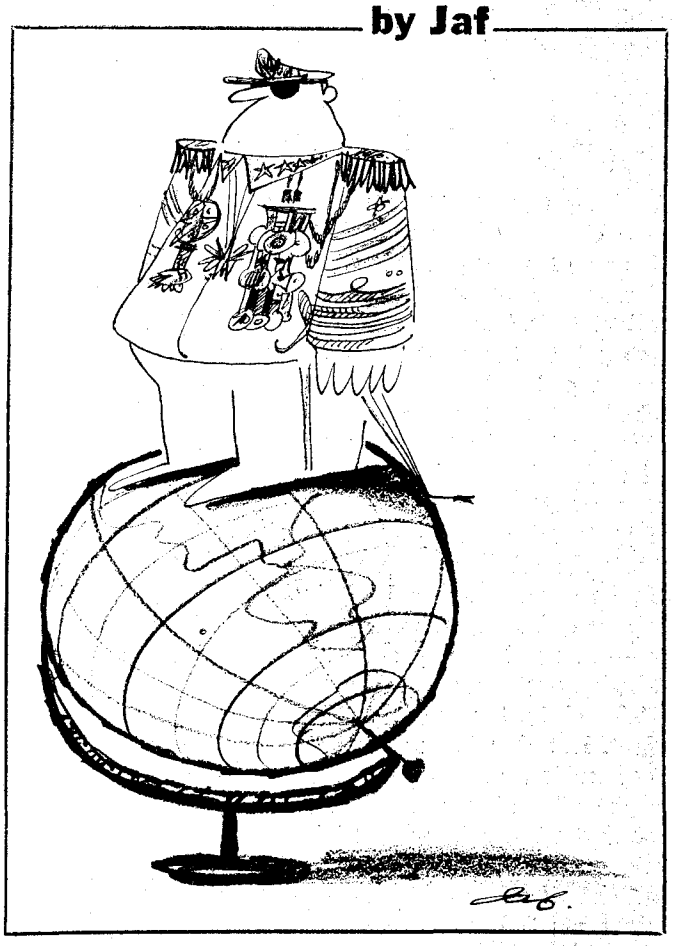
The Big Kazoo

Barry Goldwater's good traits are more personal than political — and one can see why his friends must be fond of him. He is convivial; he flies a jet airplane, which few reserve officers of his age and grade would be likely to attempt; he has "color," a sitting-on-top-of-the-world quality which is attractive on TV. Gall, also, is attractive, up to a point, and Barry has plenty of that. When, back in November, *The Nation* predicted that he would run for both the Presidency and the Senate, some readers thought we were doing him an injustice. Hadn't he told *Newsweek* he would do nothing of the kind — that he had raised too much hell with Lyndon Johnson for the selfsame thing? He is doing it, nevertheless — and with a smile.

But since Goldwater wants to be President, his attractive private personality is no more relevant than Governor Rockefeller's marital relationships. When Barry talks politics, it is hard not to believe that your ears are playing tricks. Much of what he says ceased to be credible shortly after 1880. He must be kidding, you think, yet the first requisite of a Presidential aspirant is to be serious, and Barry is that.

For instance, he says that he would force the Soviet Union to agree to free elections in the satellite countries, which thereupon would revert to capitalism. How is this to be brought about? It's very simple: Khrushchev would do "a lot of things" to keep Washington from severing diplomatic relations, and Barry would hold that over his head. Khrushchev would also be forced by the dire threat of de-recognition to "publicly retract" his famous statement that communism would "bury" capitalism in the United States. Here the means may be more commensurate with the end, for Khrushchev has already made a retraction which apparently escaped Barry's notice. Khrushchev explained that it was just a Russian expression and all he meant was that communism would prevail over capitalism, peacefully of course.

by Jaf



If elected, Barry would renounce the nuclear test-ban treaty "if it appeared to be to our advantage to test in the atmosphere." Since Barry is a Major General in the Air Force Reserve, he is probably convinced that it would be to our advantage, so there goes the one concrete step that has been taken toward a *détente*. As for the dagger sticking into our side ninety miles off Florida, our future President has a ready solution. He would train and supply Cuban exiles (doesn't he know we have been doing that?) and, unlike President Kennedy, he would give them American air cover when they invaded. The pity is that, as President, Barry could not lead a wing of bombers.

He stands little chance of being nominated. Either he goes on like this and scares away even most "conservatives," or he begins to pussyfoot and turns into what he himself styles a semi-Democrat like Rockefeller. If, however, a depression should set in, or the Russians should lay claim to Maine, Barry could indeed be nominated. He would be sure of the votes of a few million Americans, some elderly, cranky and fear-ridden, some nostalgic for a glorious past which they have never seen except in the movies and on TV, and which, if they had to live under it, would look less rosy. In addition, he has Arizona and a few other states with more area than population. Since the power-wielders in the Republican Party have studied arithmetic, Barry's chances are pretty poor. He will, however, put on a show. It is a pity H. L. Mencken is dead; he appreciated political burlesque.

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Open Season on HUAC

As each fall has its Halloween, so each winter has its fight over the House Un-American Activities Committee. Last winter, twenty Congressmen voted against the $360,000 HUAC appropriation. When the 1964 appropriation comes before the House, it is believed that there will be a substantial increase in anti-HUAC votes. The expectation is based upon two developments: Francis Walter is no longer chairman of the committee, and cold-war tensions have been lessened.

As chairman, not only of HUAC, but of the Immigration and Naturalization subcommittee (the home of private bills), the Democratic Caucus (where committee assignments are approved) and the Democratic Patronage Committee, Mr. Walter was a colleague few Congressmen cared to frustrate. The new HUAC chairman, Edwin E. Willis, holds no such collateral strings of power and accordingly enjoys little influence in the House.

From the beginning, the votes against HUAC have been a barometer of the cold war. With atmospheric nuclear tests banned, the "hot line" in working order and other agreements seemingly within reach, cold-war hysteria has been hushed, and the anti-HUAC vote can be expected to rise. But in the past, citizen groups opposing the committee have shown a tendency to become more complacent and less effective as their cause prospered. HUAC is not yet dead, or even dying, but outside pressure at a time when Congress is disposed to be just a little bold might hasten the process of decay.

The War Against the Rats

The poor of New York City, particularly the Negro and Puerto Rican poor, are engaged in a new kind of sit-down — they are sitting on their money.

For years, the tenants of the slum warrens in the world's richest city have been complaining to local bureaucrats about the conditions under which they were forced to live by greedy and heartless landlords: their rooms were not heated, their toilets did not flush, their hallways were piled with garbage, the plaster fell on their heads and the floors rotted beneath their feet. Above all, they fought an unremitting but futile war with vermin.

As long ago as 1947, Mayor Wagner, then Commissioner of New York's Buildings Department, made himself responsible for the "safety, comfort and very lives" of the city's tenants. But in 1964, not a day goes by without at least one of these tenants — usually an infant tenant — being bitten by a rat. Rat bites are not safe; they are not comfortable, and they are not conducive to healthy living. But in almost twenty years, Mayor Wagner has been unable to lick the rats — or the landlords.

Now the tenants are striking. What's more, they are striking in such number and with such organized determination that the city fathers sense a social avalanche, and are really alarmed. Not to pay your rent is, of course, illegal, but illegality on the threatened scale is not tolerable to orderly government. The ironic solution, therefore, is to give rent strikes a basis of legality — in the hope that the city poor will not discover other avenues of extra-legal defiance. Several judges have ruled that tenants in habitations certified to be below minimum standards may pay their rent, not to their landlords, but into a repair fund to be administered by the city. A law to that general effect is now being offered in Albany. Meanwhile, in Brooklyn, a judge has ruled that tenants living under such conditions have, according to his reading of legal precedent, been evicted and need not pay their rents to anyone.

For years, landlords have gone into court, paid nominal fines and continued to exploit their rotting properties. Now at last they must see that the jig is up. The courts, always slow to anger, are finally enraged; the tenants will not be moved, they cannot be forced to pay, they have attracted the attention of both politicians and the public, and clearly the rats will have to go.

Old Nightmare in New Guise

As the East-West cold war tails off, a new power tension is emerging on a North-South line. The underdeveloped world, lying mainly below the 40th parallel, poor, underfed and, short of development capital, is beginning to take a second look at the cold-war *détente* it has encouraged. The thought was that if East-West tensions could be relaxed, the USSR and the West would be inclined to pour some of the funds saved by reduced arms spending into development projects. But as tensions have been relaxed, and arms spending somewhat reduced, the anticipated capital has not been forthcoming. On the contrary, it seems to be diminishing.

Chou En-lai's visit to Africa is, in part, related to China's effort to forge a have-not alliance with the continent's underdeveloped nations. If such an alliance were to emerge, it would represent in part a fusion of have-not status with racial status; class lines and color lines would fuse — with, of course, important exceptions. The flare-up of feeling in Moscow against African students (p. 64) is an indication that the Soviet Union shares some prejudices with other "have" nations. The indicated fusion need not take place; the danger and the ways of averting it are touched on elsewhere in this issue (p. 68). But one of history's most menacing nightmares has been that of a race war. We are fortunate that it is still only a nightmare, but the reappearance of the dream is itself a warning.

How this country deals with its so-called "color" problem, which increasingly resembles a problem of have-nots vs. haves, could have significant bearing on world alignments. Have-not status feeds color-consciousness; color-consciousness fans class feeling. Kept separate, these tensions give trouble enough; fused, they would become infinitely more dangerous, within nations or between nations.

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Khrushchev Eats His Words . . . Alexander Werth

Paris

Mr. Khrushchev has always fancied himself Russia's number one agricultural expert. Seven volumes of his speeches on agriculture were published quite recently, and these constitute only a minute fraction of what he has had to say on the subject in the past ten years. But two very recent speeches, lasting together about seven hours and filling almost two whole issues of *Pravda*, seem to have aroused very little enthusiasm, even in the attending audiences, which are always quick to burst into ovations. Is Mr. Khrushchev now going to have to eat all seven of those volumes?

The general uneasiness is understandable. Back in 1955, Malenkov was forced out of the job Khrushchev now holds, on the ground that, by his own admission, he did not know enough about agriculture. Now, after the crop failure of 1963, the Soviet Government has had to spend large quantities of gold and foreign currency on Canadian, Australian and United States wheat. Khrushchev has made a humane virtue of necessity, saying that under Stalin and Molotov people would just have been allowed to starve. But, while chiefly blaming the weather for the crop failure in 1963, he has announced, in effect, that the whole agricultural system in Russia was wrong—that extensive cultivation has proved a failure and that there is now to be a complete switch-over to intense cultivation. For this purpose, he explains, it becomes essential to concentrate on chemical fertilizers which, by 1970, will have to be produced at the rate of 70 million tons a year.

> *It was our misfortune that for many years our agriculture was based on the doctrine of academician W. R. Williams which, with its grassland farming, practically excluded the use of chemical fertilizers. This went on right up to 1953. The so-called Plan for the Transformation of Nature, adopted under Stalin in 1948, was essentially based on grassland farming and the planting of protective forest strips.*

The embarrassment is that in 1948, Mr. Khrushchev was among those who exalted most enthusiastically "Comrade Stalin's grandiose Plan for the Transformation of Nature." And in the many years since Stalin, Khrushchev has done very little about artificial fertilizers; one would search in vain through his interminable speeches to the 21st Congress in 1959 or the 22nd Congress in 1961 for any reference to this panacea. Instead, he exalted the spectacular productivity of the Virgin Land of Siberia and Kazakhstan—those very lands which have let him down so miserably.

Now Khrushchev has suddenly produced a table showing that if the United States is harvesting two and a half times more wheat per acre than the Soviet Union, it is because the Americans have been using five times more fertilizers per acre. That being so, he remarks, it didn't require "any particular cleverness on the Americans' part" to obtain such results. The obvious question, asked by everybody in Russia, is: If artificial fertilizers are the key to boundless prosperity, why has it taken such a great agricultural expert as Comrade Khrushchev so long to discover it?

However that might be answered (no attempt has been made), the solution to all Russia's agricultural troubles is to be the building of a vast chemical industry — largely devoted to fertilizers, but also producing industrial parts and an enormous range of plastic consumers' goods. The exact amount of the formidable investment is not entirely clear, since Mr. Khrushchev has been juggling figures in a way even more disconcerting than usual. Speaking at Krasnodar last September, he said that, by 1970, the Soviet Union would have to produce 100 million tons of chemical fertilizers a year; later, before the Central Committee, he spoke of 70 or 80 million tons. In a speech in October, he said that between 1964 and 1970, 20 billion rubles would be invested in the chemical industry (as against 5.3 billion in the last five years); but, before the Central Committee, this figure suddenly shot up to 42 billion, of which about one-fourth would be devoted to "chemicalization" of agriculture. In seven years, 200 new plants would have to be built and 500 reconverted.

If anything approaching this program is to be carried out, purchase of machinery abroad is inevitable. Khrushchev has already warned foreign firms against trying to make super-profits, and foreign governments against tying political strings to any such purchases. It will be interesting to see where the Russians will (or will try to) place their orders. They will certainly not be negligible: some Western experts on the spot, according to a Moscow report in the Paris *Le Monde*, estimate the total at $10 billion.

These expenditures, amounting during the next seven years to about 25 per cent of Russia's total capital investments, contain a very big sop to the Soviet citizen. Malenkov was violently attacked for having given consumer goods priority over heavy industry, but the new Khrushchev plan is really the first to promise the Russian people an almost unlimited range of consumer goods. At the same time, the "chemicalization" of agriculture is expected to provide Russia with far more food than it was able to produce by either the "Williams method" — or the "Khrushchev method."

No doubt, the Russians remain rather skeptical of all-embracing agricultural plans. But there is the difference this time that Khrushchev has finally decided to adopt the "Western" method of extracting bread, butter and meat from the soil. Two questions continue to be asked: Will all these chemical fertilizers offset the droughts from which the Ukraine, in particular, suffers only too often? And will they be sufficient to revive the fertility of the Virgin Lands? The speeches made on both subjects before the Central Committee were singularly inconclusive.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the questions that have been raised by the new Khrushchev plan is what effect it will have on world relations. Quite obviously, it cannot be carried out in an atmosphere of acute international tension, for it implies a vast amount of trading with the outside world, particularly with Western Europe, and probably with the United States. And the Khrushchev plan means, above all,

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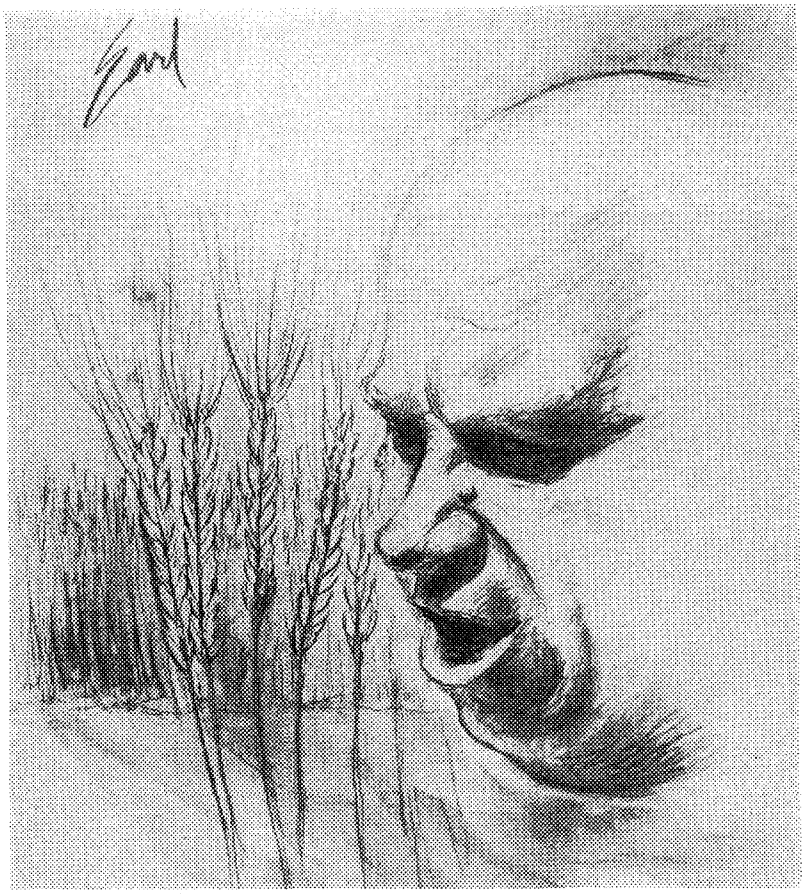
that Russia will be intent for at least the next ten years on improving its own affairs. Ideological journals like *Communist* are still full of the usual mumbo jumbo about the decay of capitalist economies and the ultimate triumph of Lenin's ideas, but one gets the impression that, internationally, Russia is becoming extraordinarily cautious. The assassination of President Kennedy deeply shocked the Russians. While he lived, they had felt confident that American foreign policy was in the hands of a man who understood the deadliness of nuclear war. But the Dallas tragedy revealed to them unsuspected depths of American violence which, if extended to international affairs, might lead to total disaster. Johnson has been to them very much a cold-warrior of the Truman-Acheson school. Today, especially since his United Nations appearance, they are much more reassured; but the prospect of, say, Richard Nixon becoming the next President strikes them as alarming.

As a matter of form, Khrushchev has again found it necessary to warn the United States against new attempts to invade Cuba, but that Russia would actually go to war for Cuba was not stated very explicitly. For all the newspaper protestations of eternal friendship, one feels that more and more Russians are coming to look upon Cuba as a rather dangerous liability—though they would certainly raise Cain at the UN should anything "happen" to their Cuban brethren.

Russia now seems chiefly interested in "socialism in one block," i.e., in the Soviet Union, plus the increasingly loose-knit group of East European powers. All indications suggest that the Hungarians and Poles, in particular, are being given the fullest freedom (short of bolting the Warsaw Pact) to run their own affairs. Judging from President Brezhnev's recent trips to Iran and Afghanistan (by which good-neighbor relations are fostered), and from the warm Moscow reception given to the heads of such "neutralist" governments as Laos and Ceylon (not to mention the great Russian cordiality toward Yugoslavia), the Soviets are, above all, bent on encouraging "neutrality" outside their immediate sphere.

On the other hand, while they are giving some economic help to Egypt, Algeria and a few other



countries, the Russians appear remarkably uninterested in Africa after their not very happy dealings with the Congo in 1960 and their disappointment in some of their former African friends. The students of the international "Lumumba University" — mostly Africans — are not at all popular in Moscow. Russian girls—for all their "anti-racialism"—firmly refuse to go out with them. And if they do, there's trouble with the Russian boys. The unprecedented Negro demonstration outside the Kremlin recently was an outburst with a long background. All of which is part of the present Russian neo-isolationism.

The African tour of Chou En-lai has puzzled them, but so far the press has been extremely reticent about Chinese plans in Africa. The Russians seem rather taken aback by the obvious "sentimental" appeal the Chinese make to Africans, but it is doubtful that they will be tempted to embark on an ideological competition with Peking in Africa. Some observers in Moscow go so far as to think that it would suit the Russians quite well to let the Chinese "educate" the Africans ideologically, while keeping out of it all themselves, and arousing the minimum of suspicion in the West. [See "Poverty and Race" by Philip Mason, page 68 of this issue.]

In general, very little has lately been said about China and, despite recent allusions to Peking's "Trotskyism," the present line is not to enter into any ideological discussions, and not to answer back any rude remarks. The number of Chinese students in Russia is very much smaller than it used to be.

Inside Russia, despite "temporary" economic difficulties, life goes on much as before. The attitude to Khrushchev is rather more mixed than it was, but prosperity is growing. According to figures he quoted before the Central Committee, housing (always a very sore point) has made spectacular progress in the last few years: 108 million people, he says, or about half the population, have been rehoused. A Russian friend in Leningrad has just written me:

> *Our people, to tell you the truth, don't give a damn about the world revolution, which has become a pure abstraction until further notice; but what they are interested in is that life here has improved* incredibly *in*

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the last few years. There are millions of people who work with enthusiasm today, with real devotion and imagination. Take, for instance, our progress in medicine and surgery. . . . And you should see the affection and devotion put into anything concerning children: whether the new boarding schools, or the new Pioneers' Palaces, or the children's clubs, theatres, and so on. In literature and painting, our party bosses still kick us around a bit, but nobody really gives a damn about abstract painting, for instance.

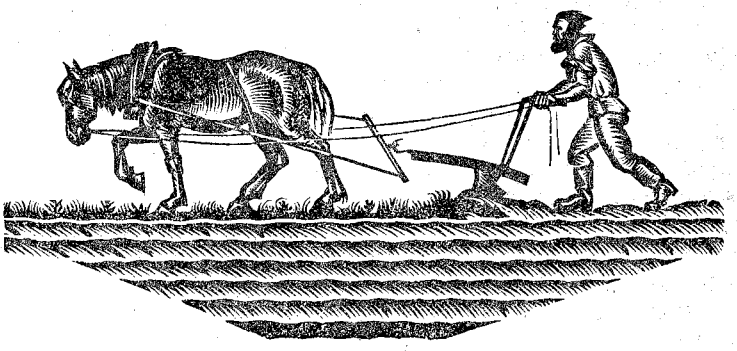
And then this amusing final touch:

I wish your Customs would allow me to send you a box of Havana cigars. I have bought dozens of them to help out Castro, but nobody here wants to smoke the damned things.

Which struck me as a subtle way of saying something else.

The Khrushchev regime, meantime, tries to boost its liberalism by rehabilitating more and more "victims of the personality cult"—Kosarev, head of the Komsomol in the 1930s, shot on Stalin's instructions in 1938; Krestinsky, convicted of being a "Trotskyite" agent in one of the big purge trials (what about the other accused?); Nicholas Voznesensky, head of planning during and after the war, and one of Russia's most brilliant economists, who was liquidated in 1949 because, according to Khrushchev, Stalin was "jealous" of him.

But liberalism is practiced within limits. Thus, we continue to be told that "ideological coexistence" with the West is all wrong, and the self-rehabilitation of poets like Yevtushenko and Voznesensky has taken some rather doubtful forms. Voznesensky recently wrote a particularly absurd poem on Lenin, and was promptly welcomed back into the fold by a certain Dymshitz, the most reactionary and Stalinist of critics. Nevertheless, the browbeating of poets and artists which began a year ago has somewhat subsided, and the literary magazines promise for 1964 an almost endless list of "outstanding works." More often than not, current literature also reflects a certain isolationism, not to say provincialism. We should perhaps wait and see what the new crop of words will amount to.



THE PEACE 'CROWD' . . . . . Jerome Grossman

A "movement" suggests banners; a "crowd" is something else again. In middle-class America, people are often identified by their membership in certain easily recognizable groups, called the tennis crowd, the drinking crowd, the church crowd, the P.T.A. crowd, the political crowd, etc. Now a new one seems to have achieved a sufficient degree of permanence and social respectability to be called "the peace crowd."

Not long ago, being a peace worker meant picketing, or boarding submarines, or writing and speaking against the foreign policy of the government of the United States, or denouncing and renouncing the economic benefits of a wartime economy. Most of today's peace crowd wouldn't be caught dead with a picket sign. Protest has given way to approval of the token actions of the Administration. President Kennedy's June 10 speech at the American University and the partial test-ban treaty have drained the "peace crowd" of its bitterness, drive and sense of urgency.

The narrow social base of the "peace crowd" (or the "peace movement" as it is still usually called) has often been deplored. Stuart Hughes has characteristically described it as "the educated middle class." In fact, the composition has been an amalgam of college-educated housewives, university-centered intelligentsia and students. Periodically, calls go out for a widening of the "movement."

The most recent attempt to accomplish this was a national conference organized by Turn Toward Peace and a group of prominent Americans in New York on December 13, 14 and 15. The stated purpose was "to examine and strengthen the role of American voluntary organizations in achieving a world without war." Individuals attending the conference were leaders in about 100 organizations, but did not directly represent them. About half of the organizations thus informally present were traditional peace groups; the balance included, among others, the American Baptist Convention, American Red Cross in Greater New York, American Friends of the Captive Nations, Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, B'nai B'rith, National Lutheran Council. And about half of the conferees from these latter organizations were already members of the peace crowd, but now wearing different hats. Consequently, their attendance did not promise any broadening of the peace front — other than the increased prospect that they would influence their voluntary organizations, which presumably they had been doing right along. Those without any experience in the peace movement, who constituted the real hope of the conference, totaled at the most 25 per cent. And if they were on hand in any such numbers, they made themselves scarce. At least, I could not detect their voices in the discussions or the decisions. They seemed to be quietly observing.

The conference dedicated to inspiring these novices to explore "new roads to a world without war" was a

Jerome Grossman, a New England manufacturer, is Chairman of the Executive Committee, Massachusetts Political Action for Peace.

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curious one, being composed of two parts so separate and distinct that they seemed to have no relationship to each other. One of the sections, lasting for only an hour, was a reflection of the old pre-test-ban "peace movement": iconoclastic, aggressive, calling for fundamental changes in thinking and action, super militant. The other section, which went on for more than two days, expressed the attitudes and needs of the new "peace crowd." Its participants were constantly enjoined to think, talk and write conference papers in terms which would be intelligible to "a YMCA secretary in South Dakota." This injunction, given to a group of relatively high-income city dwellers largely from the Northeast, had the only effect it possibly could have: it stupefied many of the participants and reduced many of the discussions to triviality. As one conferee said, "How can I make myself credible to this YMCA secretary? I don't even know one. As a group we are probably the worst equipped people in the country to establish a dialogue with him."

The one-hour section consisted of keynote addresses, which were wholly unrelated to the main business of the conference and certainly would have been unintelligible to the now-proverbial YMCA secretary. However, they were readily understood by veteran members of the peace movement in attendance. It was the only time when they roused from their lethargy. The keynoters were Dr. Hans J. Morgenthau, director of the Center for the Study of American Foreign and Military Policy at the University of Chicago, and Bayard Rustin, longtime pacifist, social critic and Negro partisan in the civil rights revolution. In contrast to the bland "South Dakota" approach, Morgenthau called for a revolution in our modes of thinking. He challenged the meeting to keep the American Government responsible and responsive. He called for pressure upon the government to change *its* actions as well as *its* mode of thinking. He called for a third force to complacency and nuclear recklessness.

The cheers echoing this call had only just subsided when Rustin not only demanded the economics of the unusual in the struggle for peace *and* civil rights but specified that breakthroughs in both areas required fundamental changes in the structure of American society. He called for the most militant kind of pressure on President Johnson.

Immediately following Rustin on the platform, Robert Gilmore, the executive secretary of Turn Toward Peace, set the tone for the second section of the conference. He was careful to point out that all of the organizations associated with T.T.P. were for peace *and freedom*. Everybody understood the qualification—and believed him. (At a plenary session the next day, Sidney Hook, professor of philosophy at New York University, also raised the issue of ideological purity. Given the composition of the conference, this question appeared to be academic and reflective. Its only possible effects were to inhibit discussion and frighten the 25 per cent.)

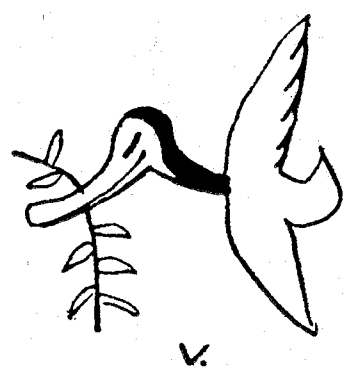
The next speaker, Robert Pickus, a leading member of the staff of T.T.P. and spiritual father of the organization, began the roll-back from the Rustin pinnacle. Though Pickus' role on the program was merely to supply logistics for the overall conference, he clearly implied that Rustin's approach was wrong, that gradual steps within the main stream of the American consensus would probably be the most effective strategy. He depreciated demonstrations, called upon the participants to "leave your prejudices [ideas?] home," stated that he wanted no debate, only "constructive discussion."

For the balance of the three days, this bland good humor prevailed. There was no further criticism, direct or implied, of the foreign policy of the United States, or for that matter of the Soviet Union. The focus was on mechanical approaches to disarmament.

The real problem of reaching out into other sections of the American public for individuals and groups who may be dissatisfied with the way affairs are presently organized was not even discussed. Prospective alliances with the Negroes, the unemployed, the slum dwellers, the poverty stricken and other groups of embittered citizens were ignored. And in truth it is difficult to see how the well-dressed, comfortable middle-aged middle class represented at this conference could be expected to do otherwise. They were not dissatisfied and not embittered.

So politics itself was not discussed, although it was on the agenda. This omission was the more remarkable, since the accession of Lyndon B. Johnson to the Presidency has given issue-centered, middle-class liberals in the North a political leverage which they never had with John F. Kennedy. There was little sense at the sessions of this opportunity and less of what could be done with it. This, also, was probably to be expected. Most political activity now undertaken by the peace people is within the framework of the major parties and involves the joining of reform clubs or Republican and Democratic committees at the city and town level. The rationalization has been that this is the way to gain influence over policy. Some critics will be forgiven if they read it as a flight into the womb of the body politic.

The rhetoric of government



spokesmen was invoked so often and so favorably that one often had the illusion of attending a meeting of a Soviet Peace Committee. ("We must not embarrass our Government!" . . . commotion in the hall.) The usual line taken was that the Administration needed support in order to put into effect the fine policies which it had enunciated. This had the effect of transferring the pressure from the government to the citizenry. Yet the most useful rhetoric of all, the Encyclical of Pope John XXIII, *Pacem in Terris*, was not used in the commission papers and was almost ignored. Did this reflect a feeling that the Papal document was too far out? Few social goals for America were even referred to and certainly not the problem of how to get full employment. However, the importance of Senator George McGovern's excel-

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lent approach to conversion for a peace-time economy was recognized.

The conference failed to create the impression of a group bursting with vitality and independence; its churchlike atmosphere reminded one of exhortations against sin. The focus was on the long-range prospect. Pickus talked about a forty-year program for changing the attitudes of the American public. Mr. Earle D. Stevenson, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Greater Boston Chamber of Commerce, suggested the year 1975 as a realistic goal for disarmament, because any shorter time would result in economic disaster. There was no sense of immediacy—no sense of militancy.

The split is clear. There are two peace groups; there are two sets of attitudes. Which one will develop the policies to replace the fear of Iodine 131 which has lately been assuaged by the partial test-ban agreement? Which one will make a link-up with a sufficient number of Americans who want real changes in American foreign and military policy? Which one will become a social and political force capable of making the country respond effectively to new conditions? Will it be the "peace crowd" or will it be the "peace *movement*"?

New World Threats

POVERTY and RACE . . . . . Philip Mason

There are three ways to picture how the nations of the world line up against one another: rich and poor, capitalist and Communist, white and non-white. If these divisions coincided, conflict would seem inevitable. But lately there have been movements away from any such neat pattern—and that vital factor, the bomb, breaks up this pattern too.

The most important division is that between rich and poor. Karl Marx taught that the rich would get richer and the poor get poorer until the poor found poverty intolerable and rose against their oppressors. He based his view on mid-nineteenth-century England; he could not foresee that in England the vote for daily-paid workers would in the end mean that the rich would be taxed to give the workers free spectacles and old-age pensions. Nor did he see that with this political redistribution of wealth would come a steady rise in real wages; that in North America and Western Europe the majority of the people would become what he would have called "bourgeoisie," not proletariat.

Revolution in these countries is therefore out; a majority does not need to revolt against itself. But between nations it is a different story. The industrialized nations *are* getting richer; Gross National Product is increasing faster than the rise in population. But in the poorer countries, it is the other way around. The gap is widening. Is it reasonable to hope that this process will be checked *between* nations in the same way that it has been *within* nations? On the political front, this would require some supranational body to redistribute wealth, assessing rich nations to taxation just as the most successful individuals are assessed to higher rates of income tax and death duties. Voluntary aid is what private charity to the poor was in Victorian England; it did build hospitals, but it could only touch the fringe of a national problem. Only taxation can be really effective, and each person's taxation must be assessed by someone else.

A supranational taxing organization—which need not at first be sovereign—could also take much more effective steps than any single nation to see that aid was not wasted; there is nothing humiliating about accepting aid with strings from an international source. But such a source is not here yet.

The other process by which individuals have crossed the line from proletariat to bourgeoisie has begun in the case of Russia, which in 1914 was one of the "have-nots" and is today one of the "haves." And this is where the lines of division become confused. For the non-white nations could forgive Russia for being white so long as it remains poor. A Russia that is rich as well as white is bound to be an object of suspicion, and any easing of the cold war is ground for fresh suspicion. China exploits it in propaganda to Africa, and the ancient nightmare of a world divided by race draws closer.

I have said that the division between the "haves" and the "have-nots" is the most important of the three, partly because it causes much of the feeling about race and partly because it can be crossed. The difficulties involved in crossing it would be formidable, however, even if all the money in the world were available. Poverty, ignorance and malnutrition make a vicious circle; those caught in it are fatalistic, reluctant to make any effort to escape and suspicious of those who try to help them. Work is regarded as "God's punishment," say two distinguished anthropologists about a Latin American village:

> *The acquisition of food by agriculture is considered a humiliating activity, an exhausting physical labour and an almost rewardless task. . . . the aim is to produce and consume only enough food to survive and to be able to work two or three hours a day. Beyond that, all efforts are considered unnecessary and even damaging to one's health and prestige and so one's self-esteem.**

To send food to this village would do no more than reduce the three hours' work a day to one or none—and the same danger is present with nations and even continents. It is easy enough to make a nation of beggars; the task is to make a nation that will stand on its own feet. Help from outside can often be absorbed usefully only in quantities so small that it does not keep pace with

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Philip Mason is director of the Institute of Race Relations in London. He has written several books on subjects connected with race—The Birth of a Dilemma, Prospero's Magic *and others.*

**Reichel Dolmatoff*, The People of Aritama (*Routledge & Kegan Paul*), *1961.*

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the problem; a psychological revolution has to take place before real progress begins. The people must want to make the effort themselves; it cannot be done to them or even for them. Preventive medicine is one of the easiest forms help can take—and by itself the most dangerous because it interferes with the natural checks on population. Education, nutrition and family planning must move in at the same time and on the same scale as preventive medicine if the latter is not to be a menace.

Between wealth and poverty, then, there is a line across which it is hard to step. But race cannot in any circumstance be changed. Race is a badge, the outward mark of a culture, a tradition, a way of life. It would be nothing if it were not for bitterness on one side and contempt on the other—products as well as causes of the poverty syndrome. It is not wholly because of malnutrition that work is regarded in the terms just described; the village cited was an extreme case because the inhabitants were desperately concerned to show that they were not "Indian." It was also surely due to a Castilian tradition that idealized the *hidalgo* who did not work, and perhaps also to a remote Amerindian tradition of state taskmasters who compelled their subjects to undertake vast projects that were seen as benefiting the taskmasters alone.

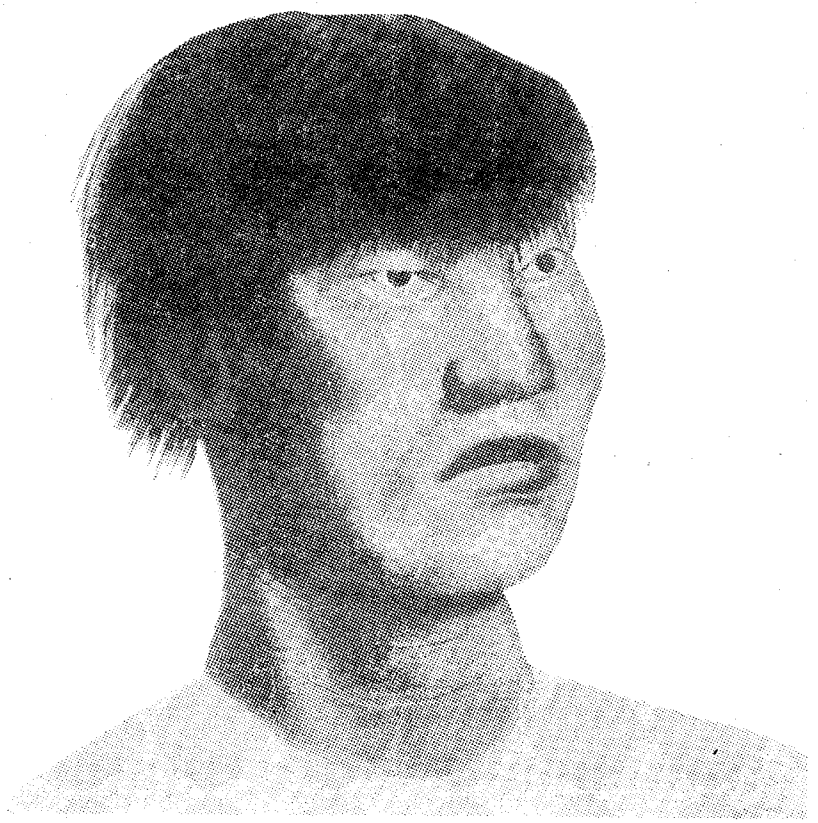
Whatever weight is given to these influences, malnutrition and habit of mind encourage and interact on each other, and produce a dislike of work that reinforces poverty. To the *gringo*, this is idleness and he despises it; he is seldom very good at concealing his contempt, and it is usually returned in resentment.

In Africa everywhere south of the Sahara, Europeans usually found people in the Iron Age stage of development, practicing agriculture, keeping domestic animals and organized in tribal groups which had here and there coalesced into primitive states—the Zulus, the Matabele, the Barotse—here and there into somewhat brittle empires — Zimbabwe, Ife—which for a short time permitted some development of the arts. All these peoples were at an earlier stage of development than the Europeans, in comparison with whom they were poor in resources, backward and ill-organized. Here too the story of European contempt is the same. Here, as in Latin America, the arrival of Europeans upset the native economy, destroyed the old system and brought people together into assemblages where their previous methods of sanitation became dangerous. And the contempt of the Europeans grew with the degradation of the people they were destroying—a degradation often quite unknown in tribal life. There must also be added to the account that, when Europeans joined in the slave trade, their cruelty was no less than that of their Arab and African predecessors, while their efficiency was so much greater, that they inflicted far more serious damage.

Some changes are needed in this picture when we turn to India or Malaya. Here too the people were poor and badly nourished; no one could call the Chinese or Indian peasant idle, but he lacked that adventurous, self-confident energy that the Anglo-Saxon of the nineteenth century admired. Here too the people of the country were despised, and the contempt was sometimes open. The Asian's memory of this racial arrogance—and some remnants of it on the European's side—poisons relations today.

The bitterness of the division between white and non-white does not, then, follow a clear-cut line, nor is it a matter of hereditary antagonism or biological incompatibility; it proceeds from memories of past arrogance and exploitation and from real differences of culture, tradition and values; all these are encouraged and prolonged by poverty on one side and wealth on the other. Race cannot be changed. Associations with race *can* be changed — and one of these is poverty.

In the long run it is a major danger—to the world as well as to the rich — that all the have-nots should be in one camp, which is also non-white, against the rich whites. Every chance of breaking the pattern should be seized, particularly in relation to the obvious sore spots—South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, the Deep South with regard to civil rights. The time has passed when the United States could be virtuous at the expense of England's colonialism; neither can England throw stones at American treatment of the Negro. Neither has clean hands on either score;



Fresco by C. Portinari

Brazilian Indian

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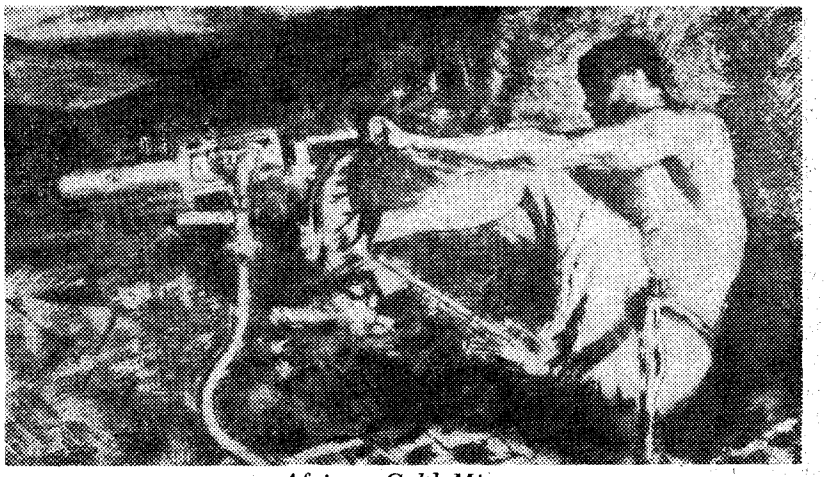
both are trying to make amends today. Looking at the international scene in the broadest way, it seems likely that a confrontation will occur when the judgment of the International Court regarding South West Africa is handed down. It will then be in the long-term interest of both Britain and the United States to show that the rich nations are not always on the side of the whites, that the rich nations will sometimes put principle before immediate interest. But remember that British investments in South Africa are three times as large as American ones, and to its much smaller economy the South African interest is vastly more important.

If the poor camp stayed poor and weak, it might not be a political danger to the rich but it would be an affront to its conscience and there is no possibility that the United States or Britain would deliberately plan for such a situation to continue. But China is already far enough on the road of technical advance for it to be clear that China at least will not long stay poor and weak. Chinese propaganda to Africa already takes the obvious line that China is the only non-colonial, non-white power that can bring salvation from poverty. Can China eventually attract the poor non-white nations into an alliance bound together simply by racial hostility to peoples of European stock?

This is what many people fear. Can it happen? What are the assets on the other side? First, there is a negative point: it is really a fallacy to suppose that people with a common grievance have necessarily a common interest or will act together. And obviously power politics are at work inside what is misleadingly called the Afro-Asian bloc. The Arabs are not exactly united; Nigeria is not particularly responsive to Ghana's leadership; India no longer pictures China as virtuously disinterested in all but the well-being of the Chinese peasant; Indonesia is not markedly friendly to Malaysia. The greater China's strength, the more likely its neighbors are to fear it. But considerations of this kind need to be treated with care. Small neighbors may become satellites after the East European model; jealous rivals may combine temporarily to achieve a common object. And the day is coming when China will outnumber all the rest of us put together.



African Gold Miner

It can also be argued that in the long run there are forces working against racialism in the interdependence of modern knowledge. Science is international and interracial; physicists can exchange information whatever the color of their skins. The methods of technology really know no frontiers, and once the conveyor belt is in motion it produces the same kind of result on the Ganges or the Niger as on the Hudson or the Thames.

I think this view is illusory. Something like it was widely held in the early years of the century: modern banking and industry were, it was thought, so inextricably intertangled that war was impossible; Kipling wrote a poem on this idea, "The Peace of Dives":

With gold and fear and hate,
I have harnessed state to state. . .

later, he wrote:

. . . the anxious traders know
Each is surety for his foe. . . .

Then came 1914.

There is less to be said for science than for finance as a binding force; the fact that the other man can use your discovery if he gets to know of it merely makes you more careful to keep it from him. If man were naturally good and went on being good as long as he was allowed to be — as Pelagius, Rousseau and Shaw believed — it would be another story. But we do not like one another better just because we meet more often; better communications can mean better chances for rivalry and antagonism.

It seems more useful to look carefully at what we fear. And here we must introduce another dimension — the bomb. We are not really afraid of a nuclear war in which China leads the rest of the world in a racial crusade against the West; the danger of nuclear war is obviously greater with every fresh finger on the trigger, but the lead of the United States (let alone of the United States *and* Russia) will take a lot of catching up. It cannot, at any conceivable moment, be to China's advantage to start a nuclear war. In short, when China has a bomb, the danger will be, as at present, not of a calculated war but of an escalating war, or of some lunatic dictator who blows up everything with himself in a rat's resolve for a dying bite.

It is clearly in the general interest that there should be as few triggers as possible. But limiting the number of triggers can be achieved only by agreement in the first place among all nuclear powers. If that means only that the powers which can afford nuclear weapons act together so long as their interests coincide, we are back in the nineteenth century, when international affairs were virtually a matter of agreement between "the Great Powers"; that was the peace of Dives that ended in 1914. Only if the nuclear powers surrendered their sovereignty — and, in particular, agreed to cut off the trigger-finger from each right hand — in favor of a new International Nuclear Authority, would there be real security.

But the only international authority on the horizon that could conceivably fill such a role is the United Nations. And here we come

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up sharply against the real dilemma. In the United Nations, as at present constituted, nationalism and the sovereignty of each national unit is a sacred principle. In the Assembly the vote of Tanganyika or Uruguay is equal to that of the United States; the veto in the Security Council, intended to some extent as a cure for this anomaly, is apt to paralyze action and can be by-passed. Yet the UN is all we have; dare we throw it away?

Let us put this dilemma in more general terms. Internally, we can avoid anarchy and violence only by the rule of law, which as we know it means a just constitution and a sovereign authority elected by the people as a whole. International anarchy is even more dangerous than internal anarchy, so in the international field, too, we would like to establish the rule of law. But the poor nations outnumber the rich, and memories of past humiliations unite the poor nations in hostility. This is what we fear. Our only refuge from the bomb is an international organization in which there is every likelihood that we shall be an oppressed minority.

What, then, can be done? It is unrealistic to suppose that the nuclear powers will surrender control of the trigger to the United Nations as it is. Yet for all its own mistakes and the betrayals of others the United Nations is growing steadily in ambition and in confidence. This organization, like its predecessor the League of Nations, was created by the victors in a World War that had been terribly destructive of life but had left a recognizable world for the victors to dispute over; this situation is unlikely to recur—next time the survivors will be learning to polish flint axes. Nor is it easy to visualize any other situation from which it would be possible to set up an entirely new organization. We must use what we have then and face the danger by moving toward it, step by step, but always in the same direction.

What kind of steps should we be taking? It must be a main object to prevent the lines of division from coinciding. We should therefore take every chance of showing the world that we really mean to end racial discrimination, and this we can do by reducing the differences in wealth and culture which are partly responsible for it.

This first policy is urgent. We should be hard at work on it now. The second is gradual. We have to face the fact that fear of the bomb is with us until we can hand it to a supranational organization; and, whether we like it or not, step by step we must strengthen the United Nations until, one day in the far future, that organization is fit to take the load.

These two policies fit together and mean much that is distasteful to the rich nations; they mean more and more aid, which is of little use unless given generously and with a deep understanding of psychological differences; they mean facing loss of capital and trade in South Africa, far more serious for Britain than America; they mean the encouragement of many supranational agencies, including one that will assess us for aid—all at first falling short of a surrender of sovereignty. They mean admitting China to the United Nations, which of course is far more distasteful to the United States than to Britain. But the longer this is delayed the more dangerous it becomes; it surely cannot be wise to exclude what is numerically the largest nation on earth. China's admission, at least, no longer seems very likely to produce a solid Communist bloc, and China in the United Nations may be no more successful in leading the smaller countries than Russia was over the Congo. And, finally, the bitterest pill of all: these policies mean that the eventual aim toward which we are working is the surrender of national sovereignty. Visionary, no doubt, and immensely dangerous; but that is the direction in which we ought to be consciously moving, even though to do so requires almost superhuman patience and courage.

The Weather Computers . . . . . Robert C. Cowen

Anyone brought up in the old-fashioned school of weather forecasting must look on present-day meteorology as an ironic miracle. The science of weather prediction is now so accurate that it can provide valuable forecasts for whole continents; it still cannot tell you with any satisfactory assurance when to take your umbrella to work in the morning. This embarrassing discrepancy defines the crisis, little understood by outsiders, in which weather science now finds itself.

The technology that has brought the Tiros satellites and a generally new scientific approach to forecasting represents a potential rather than an achievement. It opens the possibility that the atmosphere can be studied on a scale and in a manner that could establish major gains, both in pure knowledge and in practical forecasting. But this promise calls for a new vitality and an entirely different scale of effort. It requires global cooperation even more intensive than that of the famed International Geophysical Year.

For the United States, in particular, this demands a sloughing off of public apathy, an end to the official neglect and professional inbreeding that have hampered the growth of meteorology. This is the challenge that confronts the new chief of the United States Weather Bureau, Dr. Robert M. White, as he settles into the office he assumed last September.

To understand this challenge more clearly, one should take a short look back to where practical meteorology stood not long ago. A forecaster then worked (he often still works) to the background clatter of teleprinters pounding out rows of numbers and the special weather symbols received from stations of the observing network. With neat hand lettering, technicians plotted these data on base maps. They drew in isobars, warm and cold fronts

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Robert C. Cowen is natural science editor of The Christian Science Monitor *and author of* Frontiers of the Sea: The Story of Oceanographic Exploration (*Doubleday*).

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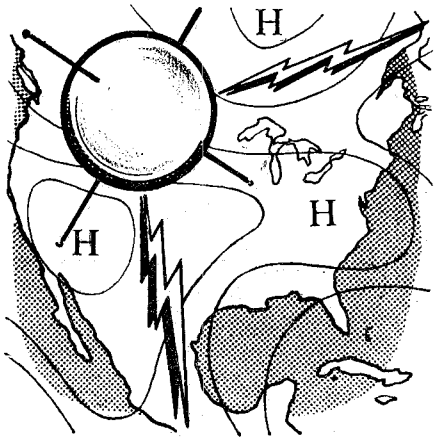
and the other abstractions that represent the reality of wind and rain, of storm and sunny skies. Then, by a combination of guesswork and rule of thumb, they decided how the map probably would change during the next twelve or twenty-four hours and issued the forecast.

Textbook theory played a relatively small role in this work. The atmosphere is too complex, too rapidly variable, to be handled with mathematical precision by the means at that time available. Then came the electronic computer, and the theorists at last had a machine that could keep pace with their data.

During the 1950s, Professor Jule G. Charney of M.I.T., Lieutenant Colonel Philip D. Thompson of the Air Force Cambridge Research Laboratories, Dr. George Cressman of the Weather Bureau and other meteorologists worked at translating the classical laws of physics as they govern the atmosphere into a form that computers could handle. They built on a foundation laid by the meteorological genius of the late Carl-Gustaf Rossby and the mathematical genius of the late John von Neumann.

These early mathematical models were so crude that they neglected such important factors as heating and cooling, clouds and precipitation. Confined to parts of the Northern Hemisphere outside of the tropics, they scarcely seemed to represent the real atmosphere at all. Yet they have proved valuable enough to be used in forecasting today.

At the Weather Bureau's National Meteorological Center (NMC) at Suitland, Md., data are received on punched paper tape that is fed directly to the computer. The machine studies information, prints out for human appraisal any that seems ambiguous, and prepares for itself a digital equivalent of a map of current weather, which is then projected ahead to form the forecast. This forecast, recorded on magnetic tape, can in turn be fed to a drawing machine that traces out a map in three minutes. It is such a good map that, while human draftsmen could perhaps do better, the degree of improvement would not be worth the time.



The forecasts that come directly from the computer deal with patterns of pressure and winds in the upper air; they are especially valuable for jet aircraft. Other machine maps, such as sea-level extrapolations from the upper-air predictions, are given to human forecasters as a guide. However, Dr. Cressman, who now heads the NMC, says that it is only a matter of time before sea-level forecasts will also come directly from the computer.

The degree of acceptance already gained by numerical forecasting shows how far meteorology has come in a short time. In Colonel Thompson's estimation, "The mere fact that weather forecasts computed from fundamental physical theory are correct in some important respects is an indication that meteorology is becoming a mature branch of physical science on a par with . . . aerodynamics and astronomy."

On the other hand, one must remember that the products of Suitland serve other forecasters, not the general public. They are nation-wide or hemispheric maps that go to regional centers where it takes judgment and experience to relate their large-scale features to the localized weather that interests you and me.

This local forecasting has yet to show any real improvement from the success of the new meteorology. It may never be really perfected, because perfection could require an observing network so elaborate that its cost would be prohibitive. But between the present state of local forecasting and the economic point of diminishing returns lies a large area for improvement that has hardly begun to be explored.

Perhaps some kind of statistical system can be evolved that uses a formula of probabilities in the absence of such detailed data. Perhaps key factors that link local weather to the larger features of the Suitland maps will be found. But whatever the road to improving local and general forecasting, it will be discovered through the new understanding of atmospheric processes that mathematical modeling has brought within the meteorologist's grasp. The experimenters have already moved far beyond the simple models used by Dr. Cressman's forecasters. One of the foremost of these scientists is the Weather Bureau's Dr. Joseph Smagorinsky, who has begun to use models of the entire global atmosphere that include heating, cooling, clouds, precipitation and other important weather factors. At the same time, long-range forecasters under the Weather Bureau's Dr. Jerome Namias are experimenting with models that take account of changes in ground cover, such as major snowfalls, which Dr. Namias thinks could lead to significant improvement in thirty-day predictions.

Commenting on such developments, Professor Jule Charney foresees that, in another five years, improved models submitted to a new generation of high-speed computers will enable one to simulate the atmosphere with a high degree of realism. But such capabilities, he says, would overwhelm the present weather-observing system. This, essentially, is a complex of 120 national networks, spotted for the most part over land areas of the Northern Hemisphere; its coverage of the tropics and the oceans is poor. If meteorology is to make the major advances of which it now is capable, the need for a truly global observing system will soon be imperative. "We are kidding ourselves if we think we can get along with the Northern Hemisphere alone," Professor Charney says; "the atmosphere is a highly coupled system with all of its parts interacting."

The World Meteorological Organization (WMO) is already exploring ways to meet this need. Professor Charney, who is involved in the planning, says that, as an immediate step, WMO proposes to establish fifty-three new observing stations, mainly on ships and islands, to fill some of the oceanic gaps. However, some 600 new stations will be needed to provide even marginally acceptable world cover-

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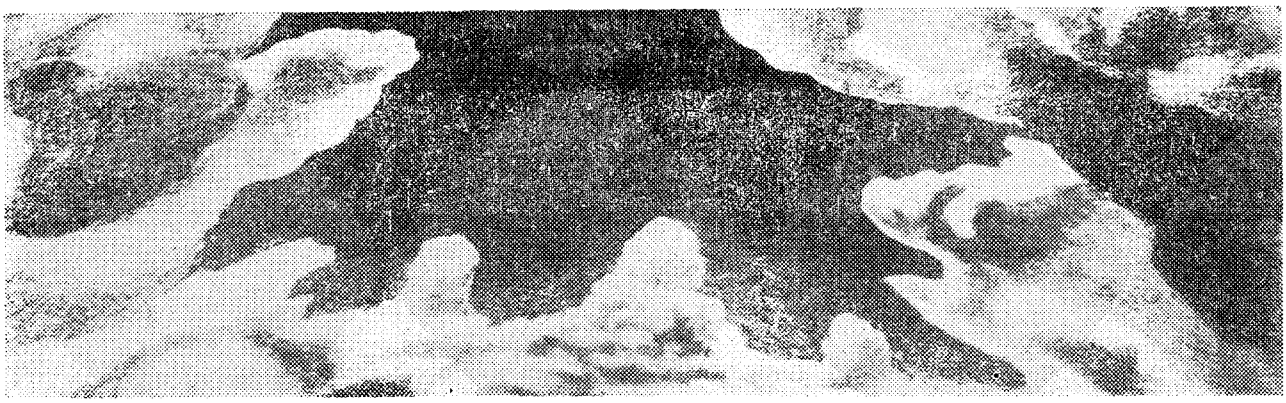

age. These would be distributed so that, with existing stations, they would give a network density of ten stations in each of 100 equal parts of the earth's surface.

Such a system could be substantially augmented by weather satellites. Instruments are now being developed that should enable a satellite to use heat and other radiation to measure the distribution of temperature, moisture and certain gases like ozone that absorb energy. The satellites could also pick up and transmit data from unmanned land stations, instrumented ocean buoys and balloons. A study by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration indicates that balloons can be floated at predetermined heights in the upper air. They could be made so fragile as to be no hazard to aircraft. Their instruments, batteries and radios would be thin films on their outside skin, a form made possible by miniaturized electronics.

While the United States can contribute strongly to a global observing system, especially in the satellite field, it cannot establish such a system alone. "Neither we nor the advanced nations by themselves are going to do this job," says Dr. Thomas Malone, president of the American Geophysical Union. "It requires upgrading meteorological skills all over the world." He sees this as an unusually promising way to aid underdeveloped countries, since it would bring tangible benefits to everyone concerned.

It is at this strategic moment in the development of meteorology that Dr. White has taken over the Weather Bureau. With a doctorate from M.I.T., and with research and administrative experience at the Air Force Cambridge Research Laboratories, and more recently as president of the Travelers Research Center, he is one of the leaders in developing the new meteorology. His specialties have been the general workings of the atmosphere and a statistical-mathematical approach to forecasting.

As head of an agency charged with serving the public, he is aware that he has to make maximum use of the tools and knowledge already in hand. He says he is studying all Weather Bureau services to see how they could be improved immediately. Computers, potentially, could turn out new weather maps every hour. Would this be useful? Would it be helpful to give people an estimate of uncertainties in forecasts, perhaps by stating the percentage probability of rain and so forth? Should air-pollution warnings, now given for certain cities, be made a nation-wide service?

Beyond such decisions, though, Dr. White knows that any really important advances in the services of his bureau depend on advancement of meteorology itself. The Weather Bureau, he says, "must view all technological developments and find out what we can use. We must be in the forefront of all relevant technology. . . ."

These are brave words, and it is no reflection on Dr. White's abilities to say that it may take a herculean effort to live up to them. The Weather Bureau has many outstanding workers who are indeed in the forefront of their specialities. But as an organization it also has a record of resistance to the unorthodox. It brought itself no credit during the past decade by being so hostile to cloud-seeding research that support for much American work in this field has come from such other sources as the National Science Foundation.

But it is unfair to single out the Weather Bureau for criticism. It reflects an attitude widespread in the American meteorological field. Again, the fault does not lie entirely with the meteorologists. For many years, other scientists have treated meteorology with indifference, if not scorn. Because the complexities of its subject have forced meteorology to be empirical, it has been regarded as a second-rate science. One still runs into scientists who, having come into meteorology from other fields, will indignantly explain that they are not "meteorologists" but "physicists interested in the atmosphere." To this is added the tendency of the public to be indifferent to meteorology as a science and to regard forecasting as a subject for jokes.

Faced with such attitudes, American meteorologists have tended to withdraw into their profession as into an exclusive club. They have been dominated (with exceptions) by an outlook often intolerant of radical innovation and inhibiting to wider public understanding of their science. For example, no one at national meetings of the American Meteorological Society guides reporters through the maze of technical papers; most other scientific societies learned long ago to take their press relations seriously.

If meteorologists are to carry their science into the new era now opening before them, they will need enlarged public understanding and support from a Congress that has grown suspicious of the continuing rise in government research spending. To gain this understanding and win this support, meteorologists must break out of their shells and carry their case to the public, as the oceanographers have already done. Otherwise, the revolution that promises so much may lose its momentum.

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Evolution of a City

WASHINGTON. Vol. I: *Village and Capital, 1800-1878.* 445 pp. $8.50. Vol. II: *Capital City, 1879-1950.* 558 pp. $9.50. By Constance McLaughlin Green. Princeton University Press.

Frederick Gutheim

To most of us it has always come as a surprise to find that Washington is not just another city, like the ones we know. This discovery is closely matched by another: that Washington, for all its uniqueness, is still much the same as other cities of its size. In her highly contemporary history, the first volume of which last year received a Pulitzer prize, Mrs. Green resolves this paradox. Washington's problems are similar to those of other American cities, and in this respect it is an epitome of urban history. But the city's solutions to these problems have necessarily been highly individual, worked out in a community still lacking self-government and national representation, within the context of a largely artificial and nationally responsive economy, by a population that in 1910 included the largest urban Negro concentration on earth, and which today in the central city has a substantial Negro majority.

The major continuing theme throughout Mrs. Green's notable work is how Congress has discharged its legislative responsibility for the capital city given it in Art. I, Sec. 8 of the Constitution. But the strikingly contemporary aspect of her history is its concern with issues of race, poverty and labor; with the growth of science and scientists, literature, the arts, architecture and city planning; with the emergence of modern public administration, professional social work, higher education and research. And, above all, it shows in her concern with the people. In these two volumes, new historical themes are illuminated, orchestrated and, as in a great acoustical chamber, harmonized with one another. Thus we are brought to see the city itself as a vessel in which modern life is born, a stimulating environment for conflict and commitment, innovation and change, but still more for reconciliation and constructive action.

This conception of the modern city as a historical work is new and fascinating. While it has been suggested in Mrs. Green's earlier writing, and in some of the few city histories of substantial scale that we have been given in recent years—like Miss Bessie Pierce's *History of Chicago* or McKelvey's *Rochester*—Mrs. Green's demonstration is conclusive. This is urban history at its best.

To ring the changes on her theme, Mrs. Green has dealt not only with the interaction of the typical and the unique. She has also juxtaposed the local and the national, the general and the specialized aspects of Washington's history; and she has found new variations on the historian's perception of continuity and change. As befits a pioneering work, beyond all that she describes, new questions are posed. After forty years of relative equality and opportunity, following the Civil War, why did attitudes toward the Negro change, and repression and segregation emerge with unprecedented severity? Why did Congress, after constructive decades of equal sharing of Washington's fiscal burdens, turn to new and highly political tax formulas? What accounted for the remarkable civic accomplishments of 1902-08, and why were they so short-lived? Did the men of science, who appeared in the mid-nineteenth century as new and distinct elements in the city's social life, provide a leavening and enriching influence or did they (as later) constitute a separate segment of its culture from the very start?

Writing as a New Englander, although not unsympathetically, Mrs. Green paints the portrait of an essentially Southern community. Four out of five Washington residents in 1900 had been born south of the Mason-Dixon line. This alone would suggest more comparisons with Southern cities, a clearer understanding of the attitudes of Southern members of Congress toward the city, and even a somewhat different interpretation of the fragmented Washington Negro community than Mrs. Green offers. Perhaps myopia also explains what to this reviewer appears an overemphasis on the uniqueness, importance and accomplishments of Washington Negroes. Mrs. Green correctly says that at the end of the Civil War Washington had "more upper-class Negroes than any other one place in the country." But is it true that by the time of World War I, "all colored people recognized Washington as the center of Negro culture in America"? Certainly not in the arts and letters, nor in sport, much less in journalism, business and the professions could one make this claim.

In her discussion of the evolution of the physical city, Mrs. Green is excellent. No one, except possibly the English historian, Asa Briggs, has better depicted the tasks of city building as they simultaneously reflect society's ever-changing conception of the ideal community, and its command and allocation of material resources. Both in her description of the initial founding of our principal planned city and her chapter on "the city beautiful," of which Washington is also our leading example, Mrs. Green has given a historical dimension to one of our most significant modern activities. One hopes architectural historians will carry the story further, and with greater resources of illustration than are feasible in a general history.

In this highly compressed work, one still wishes for more economic data. To be sure, we are shown the influence of real estate, railroads, banking, the press and mercantile interests in shaping the city, and the relatively unimportant role of manufacturing is explained. Mrs. Green is a practiced social scientist, and entirely aware of the significance of these characteristics as they affect even this city's peculiar government. But although she is at pains to elaborate the machinery of the Washington Board of Trade, the principal vehicle of the city's power structure, and to trace its changing character and increasing autocracy, the role of economic interests is not made plain. Her insightful comments on the press show how rewarding such inquiry might be.

One of the commendable aspects of

Frederick Gutheim is president of the Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies, and author of The Potomac *in the Rivers of America Series.*

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this history is its intention to come up to the present day, but this creates difficulties. Many essential sources have not become available; historians have not yet reduced the embarrassing wealth of material to manageable proportions. Caught in this dilemma, Mrs. Green's history effectively stops about 1933. While four of the later chapters convincingly argue the New Deal's unaccountably reactionary neglect of the city's urban and racial problems (residents did not then have the three electoral college votes conferred by the twenty-third amendment to the Constitution, ratified in 1961), the thread of local history is lost in the turbulent years of the war. The remainder of the book cannot maintain the high standard earlier reached.

The contemporary city is further obscured by the author's decision to maintain her focus on the District of Columbia. Since 1940, the central city has come to contain a scant third of the metropolitan area's two million inhabitants. To account for the rise of this altogether new city would require at least another volume. Mrs. Green offers brilliant characterizations. "At times Washingtonians felt caught in a tightening net, assailed by every quandary that could beset a geographically confined, racially divided, politically impotent area threatened by economic strangulation from the uncontrolled expansion of a surrounding megalopolis," she writes. But this tumbled array of new ideas, introduced in the last chapter, require elaboration if the city of history is to be brought into the reality of the present.

Washington is a greatly misunderstood city. One can take some comfort from this historical record that it is perhaps less misunderstood today than it was seventy-five years ago. Yet certainly the highest and best use of Mrs. Green's historical scholarship is not simply to illuminate urban life in this, our overwhelmingly urbanized society, but to contribute specifically to the understanding of a fascinating city, known in a sense by the entire world, and for which every American has a measure of responsibility as well as interest.

The Genius As Snob

THE LETTERS OF MICHELANGELO. Edited, translated and annotated by E. H. Ramsden. Stanford University Press. Vol. I: (1496-1534). 317 pp., 29 plates. Vol. II: (1537-1563). 338 pp., 29 plates. $45 the set.

Colin Eisler

Most of Michelangelo's letters are of more interest to a student of Renaissance economics than of art. Many of them deal with financial matters, and of the forty-four extensive appendices provided by the editor, the authoritative ones are those dealing with Italian monetary and banking systems, and such intriguing subjects as the dowry in Florence. Of all the great artists whose letters have been of scholarly interest, Michelangelo's are certainly the dullest — lacking the beauty of spirit and style with which van Gogh's were so richly endowed, or the scope and glamour of Rubens'.

The bulk of the sculptor's correspondence was with his father, brothers and nephew—a mediocre crew—and dealt with Michelangelo's efforts to restore his shabby-genteel family to a solid position within Florentine society. These letters are concerned with the thousand and one small financial transactions initiated by the artist and his relations, usually in the field of real estate, taxation, shopkeeping and inheritance. Only a handful of surviving correspondence is of use in documenting paintings or sculpture, and none contributes to an understanding of Michelangelo's creative approach. For the latter, the sonnets and the contemporary accounts of Vasari, Francesco da Hollanda and Condivi provide the chief sources.

Unfortunately the editor and annotator of these letters is clearly not versed in the history of art, so that what few valuable references to Michelangelo's career as painter, sculptor and architect are contained within them are not clearly elucidated. Neither Ramsden's notes nor his bibliography is adequate or dependable for the research student or specialist. Considering the elaborate format, weight and cost of the publication, the general reader is short-changed, for he, far more than the scholar, deserves further data than the editor has seen fit to provide, despite the large number of extensive appendices, many of which do offer sensible and useful historical, if not art historical, information. The translation "from the Tuscan" is generally lackluster, uneven and static. The plates are of uniformly poor quality, often taken from "arty" photographs such as the one of the Louvre's "Captive" (Vol. I, Plate 15), and sometimes none too pertinent — the façade of San Petronio, for example (Vol. I, Plate 4).

The letters are by and large those of a testy man, already old in early middle age, occasionally enlivened by flashes of humor, but more often bogged down in dreary self-pity. He allowed his tiresome relatives to take up much of his time. Had he left them to their own paltry devices they might have worked out better in human, if not economic, terms. If the artist is to be believed, just when he was working on the Sistine Ceiling, he thought "of nothing else night and day" than "to set up those brothers of mine in a shop. Then, it seems to me, I shall have discharged my obligations; and if more of life remains to me, I want to live it in peace." (Vol. I, Letter 76). Thirty-four years later, writing his nephew, who replaced Michelangelo's brothers and father as his beloved parasite, he noted bitterly, "You have all lived on me for forty years now and not so much as a kind word have I ever had from you" (Vol. II, Letter 262).

Attempting to rebut Clement's view that the sculptor's relationship to Cecchino Bracci was homosexual, Ramsden writes: "To this there is but one retort, albeit of the ungodly — Tush! and again, Tush!" This might seem refreshingly Victorian were it not followed by a quasi-Kinseyan disquisition, concluding that Michelangelo was impotent. It must be added in fairness that Ramsden's appendix concerning Tommaso de' Cavalieri is sensible and to the point.

Michelangelo as letter writer is at his best when discussing projects with his colleagues. A note to his construction workers on the Vatican buldings warns them against accepting payola and faulty construction materials, and concludes: "Promises, gratuities and presents corrupt justice. I therefore pray you, with that authority I have from the Pope, henceforward not to take delivery of anything that is not suitable, even if it comes from Heaven, so that I may not appear to be what

Colin Eisler is an associate professor at the Institute of Fine Arts, New York University.

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I am not — partial." Michelangelo was capable of humor, as when he refers to the Master of the Papal Robes as Tantecose (Many Things), since he was perpetually fussing self-importantly about his many duties; and of grosser wit when, imploring his Florentine relatives to find a competent maidservant for him, he adds that those available in Rome "are all pigs or prostitutes."

Less endearing was his charity, which extended only to gentlefolk in distress. His inquiries to his nephew as to worthy objects of benevolence in Florence were usually couched in such terms as: "If you know of any noble family in a state of real need, which I think may well be the case, let me know about it, because I'll send you up fifty *scudi*, so that you may make a donation for the good of my soul"—adding hastily, the Florentines being deservedly infamous for their stinginess — "This will in no way diminish what I have arranged to leave you, so do it without fail."

Most startling is the artist's increasing rejection of his own genius as he achieved his goal — that of social acceptance, which as a sculptor and member of the ragged edge of the "better families" of Florence, he prized so inordinately. In 1543, he cautioned his nephew, "And when you write to me, do not put 'Michelangelo Simoni' nor 'Sculptor' on the outside. It is sufficient to say 'Michelangelo Buonarroti,' as that's how I'm known here and inform the priest of this likewise." Lionardo, who was obtuse as well as homely, may have failed to get the point, as does the letter's editor, who believes that the artist preferred not to be addressed as sculptor, since the letter might be delivered to "lesser men who might be addressed as 'Michelangelo, sculptor' as indeed there were." Five years later, the subject was brought up again, in what is certainly one of the most miserable letters ever penned by a man of genius: "Tell the priest not to address me any more as 'Michelangelo, sculptor,' because here I'm only known as Michelangelo Buonarroti, and that if a Florentine citizen wants to have an altar painted he must find a painter — and that I was never a painter or a sculptor like those who set up shop for that purpose. I always refrained from doing so out of respect for my father and brothers; although I have served three popes it has been under compulsion. I think that's all."

The Hemingway Who Stayed Home

THE PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS. By Norman Mailer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 310 pp. $5.

Paul Velde

Rudyard Kipling gave his contemporaries an image of the British Empire that was at once heroic and palatable to the stay-at-homes. Duty, raised to the pinnacle of human virtue, commended itself to both the exploiters and exploited, while literature and political action had a common cause in civilization. The men of action spreading civilization to the dormant corners of the globe were the heroes of what seemed to be an epic age, while black-faced Manchester fumed great clouds of smoke in the background.

In our time the writer as hero who looks for his counterpart in the world of great deeds is Norman Mailer. He began, not surprisingly, as a war novelist, recounting the experience of thousands of returned servicemen who, in a mechanized age, knew they were not heroes. War had become solemn and unheroic. At the same time civilian life held only Saturday night bouts at the local American Legion and Sundays with the crab grass out front.

Mailer continued to write what could be called variations of the war novel, seeking his hero: in *Barbary Shore* there was possibility in the exhausted underground soldier of American communism; in *The Deer Park* a casualty of the liberal and anti-Red skirmishes of the fifties. The war became personal in *Advertisements for Myself*. Mailer acted as his own decoy to test the enemy's strength, and as it turned out, his own resilience to laughter. He emerged battered and with a bona fide case of literary shell shock. As a literary method, self-testing appears to suit Mailer, who functions as a sort of Hemingway Who Stayed Home. In *The Presidential Papers*, however, he is neither decoy nor soldier, but a tempter courting existential vanities. In Mailer's own self-appraising metaphor, he is a devil with style.

One of those returned servicemen of World War II was the late President, to whom these *Papers* were more or less addressed. A collection of pieces written since 1960, they deal with politics under the Kennedy administration, the right wing, totalitarianism and dread, champion prize fights, political conventions, the press, capital punishment — but nothing about literature. The prevailing interests are existential and moral, e. g., "The moral choice is that which is most dangerous." The climate is heroic, the argument metaphorical rather than syllogistic.

An example of Mailer's method that contains much of the substance of this volume comes from the bimonthly column he did last year (for *Commentary*) on the *Tales of the Hasidim*, a collection of Jewish mystical writing from the Middle Ages. The essay concerns the possibility of

Paul Velde is on the staff of Jubilee *magazine.*

An Actress

She knows how. And, how to do nothing.
Which is, in itself, nothing. But in place . . .
At the precise turbulence of a breath
at the precise angle of her throat:
stopped! For a duration. An area.
A prairie horizon of an instant.

Her head lifted. Not lifted further.
Held. Resting. And holding us.
Who attend. Moved, in her grip.
The whole building shaken.
The silence pounding our ears.

As she knows. Who is what she does.
Knowing us. And not moving.
Awaiting. That moment to come.
That next. The exact one.
In which she can move. And must.

Gael Turnbull

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there being connections between events in the subconscious and historical events. Mailer had touched on this briefly in an earlier piece on the Patterson-Liston fight, there translating the general feeling that saw the match in terms of good guy against bad guy into a struggle between opposing forces in the American subconscious. It was a combat between shining liberal idealism and the brute force of darkness; idealism being vanquished, Mailer suggests, because its power was weaker in the American subconscious.

A month later, the *Hasidim* piece appeared, suggesting the possibility of human bondage to the magical activities of a cosmic underground. From a Haiku (which he quotes), "So soon to die/and no sign of it showing—/locust cry," Mailer derived the notion that death is in bondage to the locust crying, its equivalent in nature. It is the cry of the locust that kills. What is one to make of this, beside the fact that the Haiku rings with a sort of truth we can recognize but not define? What does Mailer make of it, he who in the earlier piece recounts an attempt to forecast the outcome of the Patterson-Liston fight by spinning a cigarette lighter in the Chicago Playboy Club? He is describing a bondage to which he believes we are prone to give ourselves up, as to the vanities of the real devil. It shows itself as a refusal of liberty and a reliance on magical chance. No judgment is made and none is asked, least of all of God.

One of the forms this refusal can take is a coarse anti-intellectualism (we are reminded of Sartre on anti-Semitism); another is the non-political, leaden quality of American politics. It is a drift that Mailer speaks of, a drift which in politics he connects with the sort of numb helplessness men felt during the Cuban crisis, when the fate of the world, relinquished to political leaders, rested on the decisions of Khrushchev and Kennedy. The essay ends with a portrait of a neurotic in helpless subservience to a doorknob, which wraps up the entire piece as a small tour de force.

Whenever artists are interested in politics, we can look for the heroic element; when an artist is interested in a political figure, chances are it is because that figure is, or may become, a hero, or is cast in the heroic mold. Artists generally are not interested in great practitioners of "the art of the possible." That is the forte of political commentators, which is why *The Presidential Papers*, strictly speaking, cannot be called political commentary.

At stake in Mailer's view is the possibility that America may have in its unformed self the potential of surpassing itself, in the sense of transcending the given (e. g., the political, sociological, psychological *facts* of American life) by exploring that which is not given. Politics is the study of known factors; thus Mailer's suggestions to President Kennedy clearly fail to meet the criteria of "good politics." His appeal, then, is not to the Presidency as a political office, but rather as an office which, with the right occupant, has unknown possibilities. Something of this comes out in a piece entitled "Superman Comes to the Supermarket," written after President Kennedy's nomination but before his election. Mailer wrote at that time:

> *If one had a profound criticism of Kennedy it was that his public mind was too conventional, but that seemed to matter less than the fact of such a man in office because the law of political life had become so dreary that only a conventional mind could win an election. Indeed there could be no politics which gave warmth to one's body until the country had recovered its imagination, its pioneer lust for the unexpected and incalculable. It was the changes that might come afterward on which one could put one's hope. With such a man in office the myth of the nation again would be engaged, and the fact that he was Catholic would shiver a first existential vibration of consciousness into the mind of the White Protestant. For the first time in our history the Protestant would have the pain and creative luxury of feeling himself in some tiny degree part of the minority, and that was an experience which might be incommensurable in its value to the best of them.*

In this way Mailer anticipated much that was important in Kennedy's three years in office, as well as the failure that led to his growing disappointment with Kennedy in the later pieces. Meanwhile, the drift mentioned earlier found a climax of a sort last November in Dallas, where, for the present at least, the best possibility of exciting the heroic side of the American imagination ended in another fiasco. It can be said of Mailer, at least, that he stayed home, where Kipling needed a savage subcontinent.

ART

Max Kozloff

It is a commonplace, or at least ought to be, that a contemporary art molds a contemporary spectator. Even if it were possible, one would not be prepared to return to the relatively static notion of space, constricted idea of order, and the emotionally flatter world of aesthetic experience before Abstract Expressionism. But these enlargements of vision were, as usual, purchased with sacrifices. Upon the generally held concept of what a picture should look like, and on its relation to the solid forms of appearances (or abstractions of those appearances), they imposed crushing restrictions. This process is now being repeated in a still newer *avant-garde*, and its painful implication of renunciation—almost to the extent of seeming to press sensibility itself out of the picture plane—has not yet created its proper beholder. Less explicably, it has not

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yet produced a new species of critic.

The social value of a critic increases only with his awareness of his possibilities as an *avant-garde* spectator, seizing and decoding messages of contemporary art, and disseminating them to his necessarily incredulous audience. As such, he can be of inestimable service to a culture. Conversely, his failure is a loss for that culture. But anticipation does not inevitably mean approbation. The critical record on the two liveliest areas of the moment—so-called pop art and current abstraction, hard-edge and color-field—is inadequate, not because it often disapproves, but because it has not adjusted to a changing climate of inquiry, and to the evolving pictorial language which is its result.

If ambitious work is becoming increasingly controversial and undigested, it is because the professional critics, those daily committed to judgment, are ever more loath to move out from their fixed positions. Recriminations are possible under such conditions, but not illuminating conflict. The words that best describe the situation of these journalists (who feel they have far more to lose than to gain by opening their points of view) are failure of nerve. Paradoxically, the best criticism comes from outside the field: youngish art historians who maraud usefully with their intelligence and knowledge, but who do not effect a continuous enough presence to catalyze the new critic and spectator.

It is the more contradictory, therefore, that the critics without historical background are the first to trumpet their own views of history. More evasions of responsibility, more critical crimes, have been committed in the names of "realism" and "modernism" than one cares to contemplate. And yet, no apprehension of present art can have cogency without a sense of history.

A historical sense is an intuitive accord or sympathy which an individual feels for the gathering necessities of artists who shape the consciousness of his time. It is neither a promiscuous endorsement of the "new" (routine acknowledgment of which is one of the worst critical clichés) or a rigid nostalgia for continuity with the past. Certainly it is not an index of visual quality. Zola on Manet, Apollinaire on the Cubists and Futurists, exercised a historical sense; but Ruskin on Turner, Fénéon on Seurat and Greenberg on Pollock, possessed an eye as well. This distinction also suggests that historical significance is not the same as pictorial accomplishment in the work of art, and that a picture which has the one may lack the other. Furthermore, significance is impossible to forecast, for there is not yet a future upon which it will register. Nevertheless, there is such a thing as the main stream of modern art, digressions from which pose one of the subtlest problems of judgment. Only in the way such a dissenting artist will unexpectedly challenge the spectator (Francis Bacon as compared with Andrew Wyeth) is there a vindication of a stand outside the tradition of the twentieth century. But to value the infidelity of a Bacon is also an oblique confirmation, and the most delicate trial, of one's historical sense.

Perhaps the greatest predicament of the modern viewer, however, is the

The Starfish

By a point the great starfish was hauled up.
Yellow and crimson with hard intricate bumps
it blazed wetly O it was regal and starry,
heavy cool cousin marine in the washy wave
a star a star.

But it was alive.

Its shape had a link with the steely stellar
steadfast light — no less than in ether
it conformed to its points of a star.

The sun strange as hot hell
attacked it in the grass. It could not
move. But it did. It
curled faintly

in the first sign of corruption — the distortion
of proportion,
of the correspondence between relative points. O a star
is not haphazard, only sickened
to death,
so, two points went
off center and the middle warped lightly.

It was a race.
Would the ants
clean it before irreparable corruption?
To gut a star
is a job — the ants were overtaxed.

There is a technique in destruction-through-preservation of starfish:
To pleasure the pink lady's project a
gentle black boy
placed
it on an anthill.

The water's stellar space or the motion of space in the wave's wash or
the coral bed had corresponded to the nothing neighborhood
of a star.

Like a tide the light of color drew back, tide, tide
sucked by the wicked wick of sun.
The ants worked, worked, small, shiny, quick.
They came too late:
the shape went even more off starshape.

The connection snapped.

Even before the ants finished
it had disappeared from the categories of desire

its marine starlife warm and warped
its starhood stung to chaos.

Here is your sting. O
death, where is your star?

Josephine Jacobsen

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A Trope for the Tired

To start a poem with *Clouds*, because
it rings on my mind. Nothing else is there
today, but that word. And for the first
time I notice there is that sound to it,
hollowness, a helloing over

a distance. CLOUDS — *include me out!*
There is that in it, a coldly English sound,
as though it comes from the crisp horn-colored
nose of the same historian who said
"Socrates never wrote anything."

Over the graves, and over the up-turned toes
of every beast who ever breathed, we grope
for some true meaning like those wired clouds
in old t.v. Westerns
"that do not ever seem to change."

Jim Mosley

refusal of much advanced art to upset his very contemporary preconditioning. Such a bind is indicated by the more illusionistic of the pop artists (e.g., Lichtenstein) and the more hermetic of the abstractionists (say, Ellsworth Kelly), in which the largest obstacle to assimilation is its apparent accessibility. Aside from frequently brighter color, the emotional world here *is* flatter, and the space *is* more static than in Abstract Expressionism: elements which recall the prewar situation. But it would be over simple to call this a retrenchment. The tactics used are still shock; and the ethic most under attack is the present one.

Visual blast is used to mask out extremely reduced discriminations of form, and it is one of the more regrettable tendencies today that as the former rises the latter declines. Polarities also exist in optically more ingratiating work, such as Rauschenberg's and Dine's, in which the rates of speed by which the spectator perceives the formal dynamics and the associated meanings are being forced as wide apart as possible. Before being able to conclude anything about present art, therefore, the spectator has to proceed to some sort of understanding of the resistances it offers him. If these resistances baffle him mentally more than physiologically, they also suggest that the historical continuum in art is elastic beyond his wildest dreams. The unpreparedness of critical equipment under these circumstances is scandalous.

Unquestionably, American criticism is in a transitional stage that is sinking ever deeper into crisis. At first, our critics took a long time simply to educate themselves to formal analysis and to the toleration of abstraction. During the fifties, they evolved an embarrassingly lyrical and irrelevant effusiveness toward action painting. An awareness that formal values were insufficient relaxed whatever analytic discipline there had been, while literary pretensions succeeded in evading the overall interpretive issues.

Only Clement Greenberg offered a sobering exception to the general messiness, though he was locked up then, as now, by a dialectic that was transferred from politics in the thirties to art in the forties. With the debut of painters like Jasper Johns in the mid-fifties, criticism fell into a nervousness from which it shows little sign of emerging. There has been, to be sure, an effluvium of sociological readings, but no indication that criticism, thankful that it can once again tell a story (apropos of pop art, at least), has arrived at comprehension of the real attack. Similarly, evaluations of the farthest-out abstraction persist in a formal approach that brings in fewer and fewer returns. At the root of this problem has always been a distressing inability of the American critic to correlate what the eye sees and what the mind learns. It is exacerbated even more by a movement of the various modes toward their opposites. Thus, hard-edge painting becomes so simplified that one suspects it of incorporating nonvisual anti-art ideas for the first time into the realm of the visual; and pop art has all kinds of compositional aspirations that have nothing to do with commercial culture. Exactly where today's art mingles and obscures contradictory premises, the critic stands firm in his obtuse security, admiring and condemning for reasons that fall at least halfway short of the mark.

Much of this comes from a quite natural unwillingness to take the risk of being *wholly* deceived. Only dimly grasped here is the final, arch resistance of current work: its spirit of play. A visit to the galleries is an exercise in terrific patience: how to bear, in a "serious" field, a frivolity which seems unbearable, and which is frequently carried to extremes of specialized ludicrousness. One is being sincerely conned and mocked, toyed with as a cat with a mouse. No one wants to be eaten up by fault of his own credulity; and no one wants to elude the possible recognition of a new *avant-garde*. Who would have thought irony could have produced such paralysis?

Of course, an excellent defense is to adopt an ironic attitude oneself. It has the advantage of sounding superior; and the disadvantage of disen-

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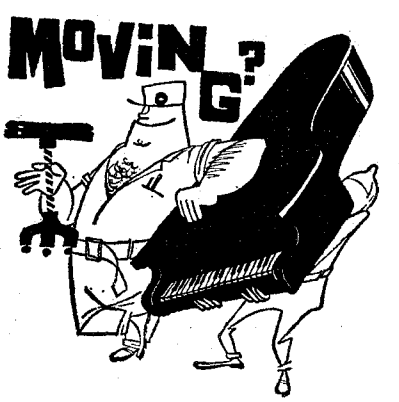

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gaging one from criticism altogether. Still, to manage the change from non-engagement to commitment, from determinism to receptivity, requires a certain detachment. In view of the fact that criticism—and viewing itself—are empathetic by nature, this is extremely hard to accomplish. It is all reminiscent of what Edwin Denby, the poet, said about the current scene:

The general look of painting today strikes me as seductive. It makes the miles of New York galleries as luxurious to wander through as a slave market. . . . The young prosperity pictures lift their intelligent eyes to the buyer and tempt him with an independent personality. The honest critics, as they pass close to a particularly luscious one, give it a tweak in the soft spots. The picture pinches them in return. At the end of a day's work, a critic's after-images are black and blue. It takes more character to be serious now.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

The Chinese Prime Minister is an extended rumination on turning seventy (Royale Theatre). Its author, Enid Bagnold, is a charming and cultivated Lady who has reached that age and has many things to say about it. Her play very often sounds like the sedulous notation of her stream of consciousness.

In the play, "She" (that is the name the central figure goes by in the program) is a retiring actress. The other characters—her manservant, two sons, daughters-in-law, and a husband who returns after twenty-nine years of absence—are all seen from her viewpoint. "She" might have just as appropriately been called "Me."

Now that "She" is giving up her stage career, she dreams of spending her remaining days with a "Chinese prime minister," also retired, a creature of her fancy who will serve as a companion in a life of rich contemplative leisure devoted to the ethereal delights of supra-sensual being. When the extremely wealthy husband reappears—he left in a huff of jealousy though he has never ceased to adore her—he offers to perform the office of her magical invention. But Sir Gregory is too much the mundane man of the financial world for that role. She must remain alone in serene solitude within which she may carry on the dialogue with a "Chinese prime minister" wrought from her own essence. This must prove the consummate reward of her life's journey.

The play contains many pleasant conceits, some of which are gently witty, others are nearly wise. There are nice lines, such as, "Everyone's death is a sample of the medicine we'll soon be taking," and "I will be ashes and you won't admit that there were embers."

Since Miss Bagnold is a thoroughly aware person, she limns various types of contemporary fauna. There is the new "unwomanly" woman: independent, forthright and aggressive, waiting to be truly liberated as a woman through love. Another is the woman who cannot achieve identity except through the sexual attentions of numerous men—what in our coarse, modern way we call a nymphomaniac. On the masculine side, we find the correct, rather humorless, English businessman who can be rendered wholly human only by the shock of real contact with a problematic wife. Then there is his brother, a passive fellow, whose supreme action lies in his constant compassion for an errant spouse. More engaging than any of these is Bent, the forever-expiring old reprobate of a retainer who never quite dies, but hovers like the memory of a more glamorous time around the ancient homes of stately England.

"She" remarks of herself, "There is a me in me that I have never conquered . . . and not yet found." This might also be said of Miss Bagnold's writing for the theatre. Her previous play, *The Chalk Garden*, managed to maintain a balance between its symbolic intent and the convention of drawing-room drama. The more personal *Chinese Prime Minister* appears to elude her complete control and to slip from one mode to another, so that its evocations and comment always remain somewhat tenuous and remote. We are obliged to lean forward to learn what the Lady is saying; we end by suspecting that we are supposed not so much to listen to as to overhear her. (At the second performance many people complained that while the actors were audible, they were not always intelligible.) The play is a flower of that "Chalk Garden" of which Miss Bagnold some seasons ago sketched a fragile but memorable impression.

Because the new play is part stylized comedy, part twilight dream, and nearly all artifice, its tone is difficult to capture theatrically. I do not believe Joseph Anthony has succeeded in doing so because he has attempted to render each of the play's phases in turn, instead of finding one style to encompass the whole. The production needs to be more relaxed; it ought to flow effortlessly and not to italicize its effects as if to indicate at one moment, "Here we are being brittle and British," and at another, "Here we have a person more emblematic than real; here is a straightforward characterization and there one which is phantomlike, and now still another which is altogether picturesque."

Edith Evans might serve the vein of such a play, but though Margaret Leighton very frequently has something of a stained-glass romanticism about her, besides being an admirably accomplished actress, she did not convince me in this instance as either a true person or as an ornamental token. Alan Webb as Bent (the butler) craftily does both. John Williams is agreeably at ease in a role in which he has to remark, "I hate whimsy; women love it."

Why with these demurs do I find *The Chinese Prime Minister* worth close scrutiny? Because it is that phenomenon rare on Broadway—a civilized work.

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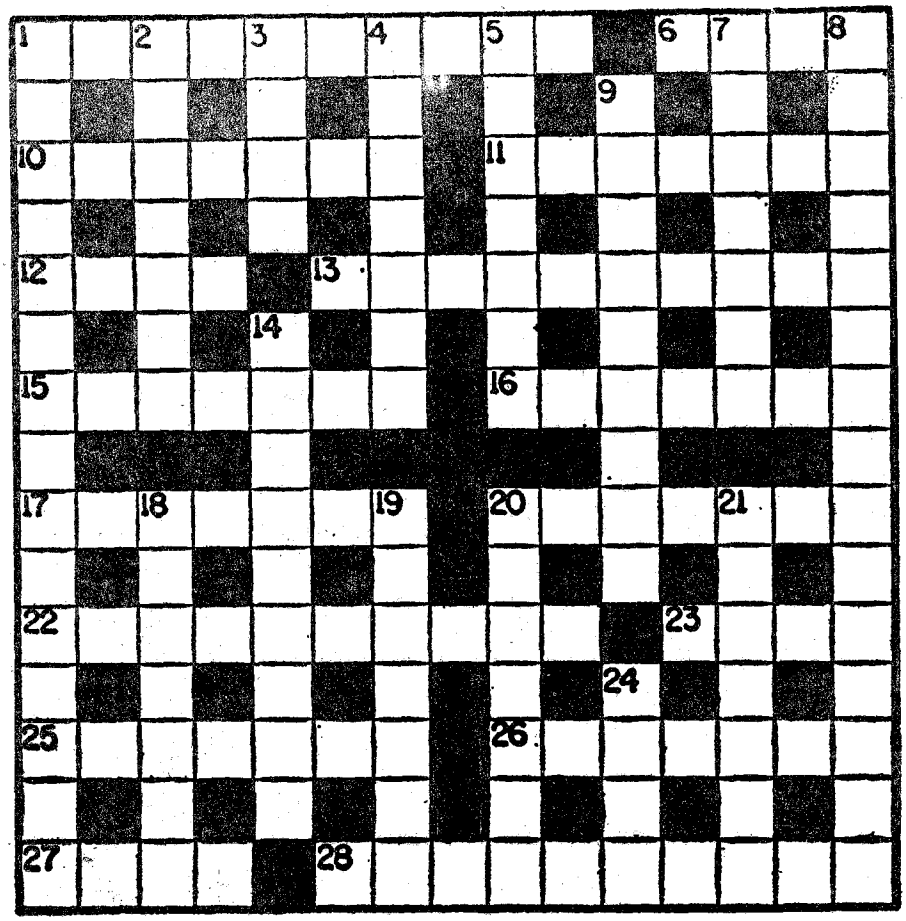
Crossword Puzzle No. 1042

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Something to fix things a number employ on the side? (10)
6 The hands were his, but the voice was another's. (4)
10 Bested, strangely enough, in a material way. (7)
11 A near relative of Russian roe? (3, 4)
12 The character of the first person in past time. (4)
13 An inexperienced one to throw around the shelf. (10)
15 Ways in which the place of crime is inside to such an extent. (7)
16 A flower of France, Belgium, and Holland. (7)
17 What might be worn by a common man around his upper limb. (7)
20 You might be given three to make it to that place. (7)
22 How the Mikado indulged in merriment! (10)
23 What the navy of Tharshish brought with ivory and peacocks.
25 Song about people of the country.
26 Articled poet of the movement, perhaps. (7)
27 This might weaken the spirit. (4)
28 Does something that traditionally pays. (10)

DOWN:

1 Might they be plunked down in a recently stated environment? (8, 7)
2 Boat of the type confused by a bounder? (7)
3 Such a costume sounds much of a muchness. (4)
4 No confusion of prearranged combats should get you such lumps.
5 Takes steps to disencumber in the wrong sets. (7)
7 Proving the wrong place is of a distinct character. (7)
8 Guiness, southern fashion, obviously doesn't have a good quality.
9 On watch for the unemployed executive? (4, 5)
14 Blushing because of the hayseed odor? (9)
18 Rush around an upright person when given a new title. (7)
19 Dark tan vessel. (7)
20 Plowing operation, up to the time of majority. (7)
21 Suggests the unknown overhangs, and uses up the result. (7)
24 Arrange for publication of the rise of waterflow. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1041

ACROSS: 1 Stubs; 4 Bagged; 11 Anemone; 12 Enlarge; 13 Ordinance; 14 and 2 down What's the idea; 15 Parade grounds; 17 Overnight stop; 24 Howitzers; 25 Bearish; 26 Raiding; 27 Sutler; 28 Agree. DOWN: 5 Aglow; 6 Garland; 7 Dressy; 8 Manon; 9, 22 across and 3 down Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair; 10 Meteor showers; 16 Upsetting; 18 Vagrant; 19 One side; 20 Globes; 21 Osage; 23 Thine.

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Franklin Merriman, Jr.

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